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Saturday Review

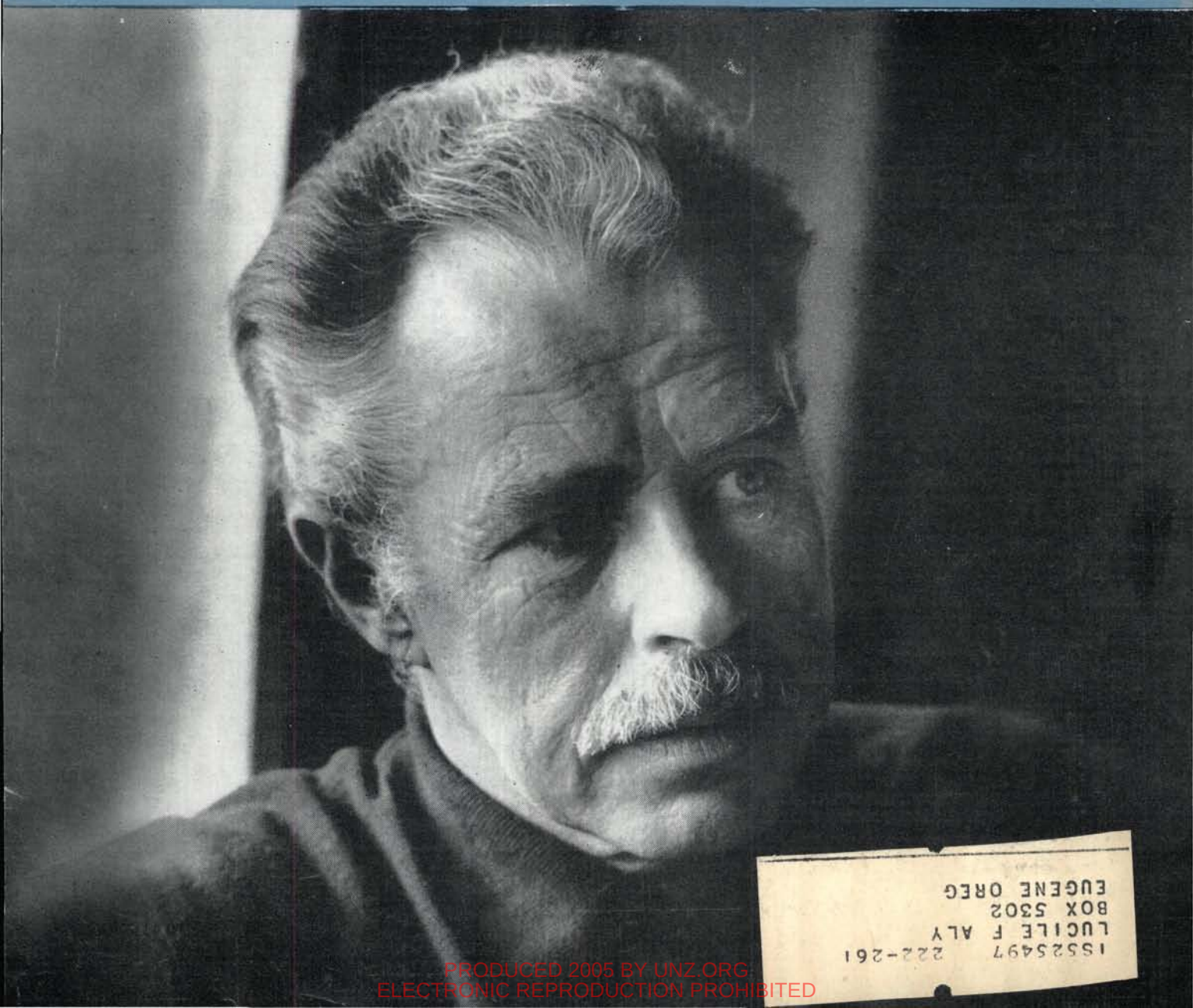
JULY 9, 1960 / 25¢

DO WOMEN MAKE THE BEST BIOGRAPHERS?

By Donald Cox

Wright Morris, the author of "Ceremony in Lone Tree" *(See page 11)*

—JOHN BRYSON



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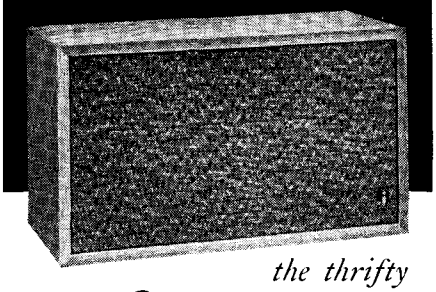

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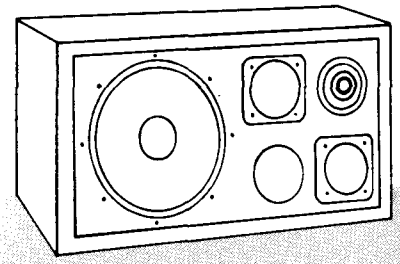

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Saturday Review
JULY 9, 1960

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For the tourist, New York City is very much like Paris: there are few places one can go to look at the natives without blundering into masses of other visitors from out of town. There are few natives to be found at the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building (the top of it, anyway), or Grant's Tomb. There is, in fact, only one permanent attraction open to all where the tourist and the native meet on an equal footing—Times Square, the self-styled Crossroads of the World.

The Square is so deeply ingrained in the New Yorker's life that he scarcely notices anything unusual about it. Almost no native could even tell you precisely where and what it is. Only an out-of-towner could do that, and now two of them have. They are W. G. Rogers, Associated Press arts editor and Mildred Weston, poet; one of their smaller accomplishments has been the discovery of the *mot juste* to describe Times Square. They call it, and their book about it, "Carnival Crossroads."

Part of their story is historical; part of it is statistical; but the best part of "Carnival Crossroads," I think, is the picture of Times Square drawn from the fresh observations of two people with a sharp eye and a sensitive ear for the place. It's fitting that it has taken a newspaperman and a poet in conjunction to set down the story of the world's most famous intersection.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Carnival Crossroads" ($3.50), by W. G. Rogers and Mildred Weston, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your local bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, two of which are located in Grand Central Station, just a few blocks east of Carnival Crossroads.

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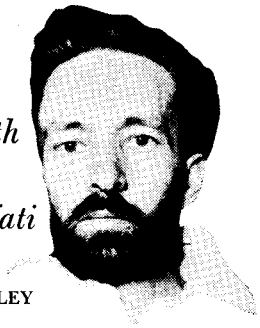

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Perspective/1960

By Theodore H. White

CENSUS AND POLITICS—1960

IT IS RARE that a Presidential campaign falls in a year that furnishes so clear and startling a description of change as the year 1960.

For 1960 is not only a quadrennial Presidential year, but the year of the Federal Census. And as the first, raw, still-unevaluated data begins to cascade from the Census Bureau it is already apparent that it offers Americans an opportunity for self-recognition as important and historic as that offered by the great Census of 1890.

The Census of 1890 was our official farewell to the American frontier. That year, the men of the Census announced that the great plains and prairies were so covered by settlement that no one could any longer draw the frontier line which had been the horizon of American life for two and a half centuries.

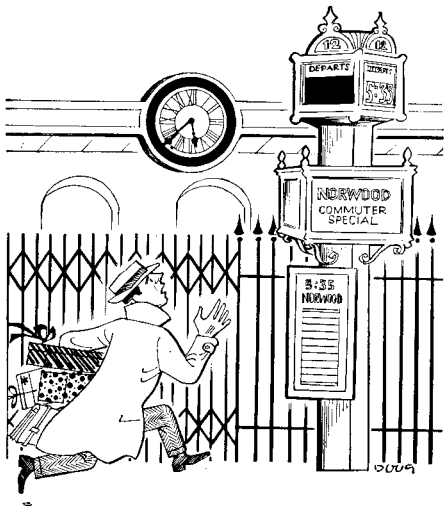
The Census of 1960 is equally important. It marks the passage of the crest of the great city, the first turning of Americans decisively away from a community institution which has dominated our culture and politics for half a century.

In gross terms, of course, the Census records the continuing miracle of American growth—the swelling of our country by 28,000,000 people in a decade, or by almost as many new Americans as America held people at the outbreak of the Civil War a century ago.

But it is not the growth that is important in this decade. It is the change in the pattern of growth. For the great cities which, decade by decade, as if by some unchangeable law of history, have grown without a hesitation through every census, have stopped growing.

Instead, from coast to coast, they dwindle. This year, according to the first census figures, the downturn becomes official. In all but one of the fifteen largest metropolitan areas in the United States (those with approximately 1,500,000 population or more), the core city, the central municipality, has lost population. From New York through Washington, Cleveland, Buffalo, Baltimore, Chicago, Detroit, clear across to San Francisco, all our major cities but one have lost citizens, in a sweep so broad as to define not an individual local crisis but a universal phenomenon. The sole exception to this sweep has been Los Angeles, which gained some twenty-four per cent in population. But then Los Angeles never presented itself as a city in the classic sense. The chief loser (fifteen per cent) has been Boston, city of my birth. Memory carries this writer back to the days when he was a boy in Boston's public schools in the Twenties and our teachers taught us to expect, as certainty, that Boston (then 750,000) would some day reach 1,000,000. Boston reached 800,000 in 1950 and has now fallen to 677,000, or less than when I was born.

Two-thirds of all the massive growth of American numbers has, it



appears, come in this decade in the suburban girdle of our cities, great and small. This change in the American pattern of living has, of course, become already perhaps the most overworked subject of humor, politics, sociology and analysis in what passes for American intellectual discussion. Yet the change is so vast, so all-embracing, so profound, that it is fair to say that the political exploration of the subject has not yet even begun.

This new pattern of American life, for example, no longer needs the railway facilities of the past; and only 800,000 men work on the nation's railways today, where 1,326,000 found jobs on the rails eleven years earlier. Suburbanites drive to work; and Jimmy Hoffa's teamsters carry the freight out to their supermarkets. As the logistics of the suburbs require, increasingly, rubber-wheeled transport, Hoffa's power in

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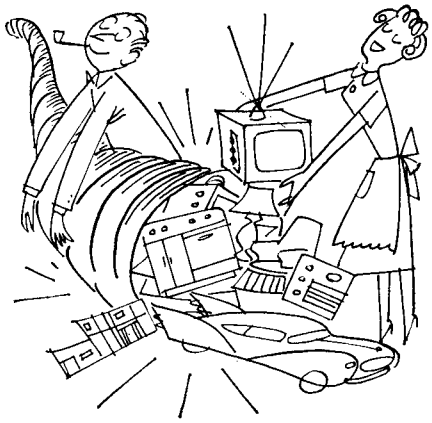
American affairs grows to rival that of railway barons of the 1870s and 1880s. The new nation now uses gas and oil in the suburbs (the consumption of natural gas in the country has doubled in the past decade). But in West Virginia, only 200,000 miners work in mines that employed 400,000 ten years ago; 350,000 people in West Virginia are fed by means of Federal government food parcels and the state is seen as a problem state, not as an area under strain in a period of national growth and change.

From the crude figures of the 1960 Census, a crude logic draws some of the perspectives that will frame this campaign of 1960. To build the vast girdle of suburbia about each of our withering cities has required a national exertion greater than that of clearing the wilderness; housing has thus become our largest single industry. We built approximately 1,400,000 new dwelling units last year and, it now appears, we will match that mark this year. This is the largest chunk of new capital investment in American life and the exertion affects our entire credit structure. Since the war the corporations of America have drawn only $90,000,000,000 from the credit system of America to finance their huge expansion of production facilities, and



another $36,000,000,000 for mortgages on factories, office buildings and commercial structures. But Americans have used $116,000,000,000 to finance their new homes.

Suburbia, then, is mortgaged to the hilt, a drain not only on our present resources, but a massive claim against future resources. Nor is it only a general public claim. Suburbia is a claim against the future of all the individuals who live in it. Americans, today, are marrying more youthfully than any other civilized Western people—and these young marriages must be equipped and financed out of credit, not savings. Where, before World War II, only one dollar out of every fourteen in take-

(*Continued on page* 28)

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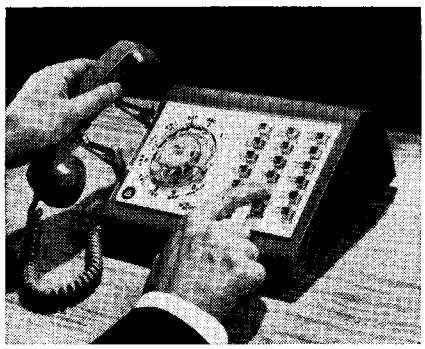
THREE NEW ADDITIONS to Bell System service are shown here. Many thousands of Call Directors are already in service. The Princess has proved a great success wherever it has been introduced and will be available nationally later this year. The Home Interphone will also introduce new convenience and distinction later this year.

The Princess . . . the newest Bell telephone. It's little. It's lovely. It lights.



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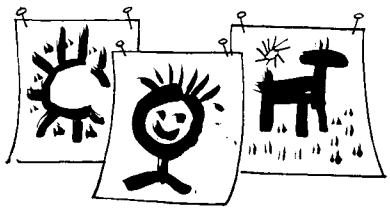
TRADE Winds

WE WANDERED INTO a film-animation studio a few days ago to discover three artists hard at work copying a whole series of children's drawings tacked on the wall.

"Believe it or not," one of the artists told us, "this is a practice session. Third



and fourth-graders have a freedom of style we are constantly losing in our own sophistication. There's more wisdom in the crayon of a kid than there is in four years at art school!"

MEANWHILE, on the sophistication front, Grove Press has come along with its anthology "A View of the Nation: 1955-1959," which points out that the "sophisticated" magazines (such as *Vanity Fair, The New Yorker, Vogue,* and *Town & Country*) have become the most profitable line, dollar for dollar, in the magazine business.

"Sophistication will become as boring as mass conformism," says the new book. Just why the word has taken on an attractive glow for so many people is hard to understand. According to the dictionary sophistication means simply "to be deprived of genuineness, naturalness, and simplicity."

We can be thankful, at least, for the animated drawing boards.

WE CAN'T HELP FEELING that it's heartily unsophisticated to tumble out of bed at the bitter edge of dawn, but we did so in order to join Harry Truman on one of his famous walks.

We arrived at New York's Hotel Carlyle at 7:20 a.m. to find the carpets up, the floors being scrubbed, and a sleepy photographer staring glumly at his lens. The occasion: publication day for Mr. Truman's new book, "Mr. Citizen," which speaks out as bluntly as the author himself.

Mr. Truman stepped out of an elevator at 7:29, looking alert, chipper, and scrubbed.

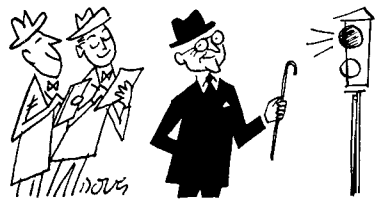
"Never use a cane," he declared in response to an A.P. reporter's question, "except to whip newsmen!"

He was wearing a light blue suit (made by his favorite tailor in Kansas City), dark shoes, and a three-year-old Stetson Panama.

At exactly 7:31, Mr. Truman led the press pack (which now totaled about eight) from the starting line in the lobby eastward on 76th Street toward Park Avenue.

"Never have any definite plan on these walks," he told us. "Fifteen minutes out, and fifteen minutes back will do it. Traffic lights sometime slow me down—but I never cross against them. Very bad. Very dangerous."

We turned north on Park Avenue at a steady 120 paces per minute, with Mr. Truman answering questions quickly: Symington is his choice. No political bosses left in Kansas City. Not worried about the book critics. Doesn't mind critics in general, only one "damn fool music critic" in the past. Nixon doesn't now, and never did, have a chance. Reads an hour in bed every night. Expert on politics and history. Now reading "History of Confucius." Best abstract from that for current use: The Golden Rule. About the captured Nazi Adolf Eichmann: he repeated in full his famous epithet applied original-



ly to that "damn fool music critic," and challenged anyone to print it.

At least six doormen, janitors, or early risers said good morning to him along the way, and he nodded and returned the greetings. At 84th and Madison, he paused to shake hands with the driver of City of New York Sanitation Sweeper #205-281, then led the party to Schrafft's at 77th and Madison.

Sitting at the counter, he declined a menu, ordered a large orange juice, two pieces of whole-wheat toast, four strips of bacon, a cup of coffee, and a glass of milk.

Would he let President Eisenhower into the Former President's Association, along with Mr. Hoover?

"Tell Ike to read the book," he said.

IN SPITE OF ALL our talk about the keen-eyed Pinkerton man at the Antiquarian Book Fair (TRADE WINDS, *SR*, April 23) along comes the report that dealer Howard S. Mott, of Sheffield, Mass., was relieved at the Fair of: The Journal of the First and Second Congress (Thomas Heyward's own copy); a Pennsylvania Dutch birth certificate,

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c. 1840; and three early nineteenth-century samplers. If you run across any information on these valuable items, you can call Sheffield 9-2019 collect.

NOT LONG AGO we received this note:

HUMANIST BOOK CLUB
XXVII MILLPORT AVENUE
NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT
LUCRETIUS, President
JUN SCZESNOCZKAWASM, Relations
FERNANDO J. VARGAS, Sales

Dear Mr. Fuller:

One of our more dissident customers has posed a problem which apparently only you can settle. She is one of your fans, I take it, for she refuses to take our money and insists that it be sent to you. Hazel Blek, of Watertown, S. D., ordered $14.50 worth of books and sent us a check, swearing that she qualified for our club because (1) she had resigned from two other book clubs, (2) had written at least one nasty letter to a book club.

However, we have standards, too. One of our requirements is that customers must take discounts on all books whose prices would have been lower had the book clubs not gotten there first. Thus Mrs. Blek has $1.45 coming from us, but she refuses to accept it, saying she already has her money's worth. We decided we would let her remain a customer if she would donate the amount to some worthy cause. She has chosen you for, in her words, your "wit must surely go unappreciated in the more provincial cities like New York."

Although we first thought of granting you credit, this would mean your name would go on our mailing lists, and we have no way of telling if you satisfy our stringent requirements for membership. Thus, will you kindly cash the enclosed check? Thank you.

Thine,
(Signed) Lucretius

SINCE WE HAD NEVER HEARD before of the Humanist Book Club, to say nothing of Mrs. Blek, we tried to find more about an organization which defies every rule of business ethics so brilliantly. A mimeographed catalogue indicated that the club offers serious books exclusively (Bertrand Russell, Sigmund Freud, Camus, Fromm, Dewey, etc.), but has no phone listing whatever. The check, signed "Lucretius," seemed bona fide enough, drawn as it was on the Fairfield County Trust Company. We confirmed the fact that there was such an account, and that the mere signature "Lucretius" was entirely valid and acceptable. With some difficulty, we were able to find a phone number at the "XXVII" address, and were greeted by a pleasant, disembodied voice at the other end of the wire, which cautiously admitted that the Humanist Book Club "uses my mailbox" for their venture.

The voice was amply informed, however, on the operation of the business.

"As I understand it," the voice said, "the book club is more or less a satire on big business, and the way it's run. Most of the customers are college pro-

fessors, who enjoy a good joke while they buy the books they need. When the club gets a letter from the Harvard University Press, the greeting is always 'Salve!' Lucretius, of course, always signs his letters 'Thine'—although he has to admit begrudgingly that he stole the idea from Archibald MacLeish. He also likes to break all the rules, and to insult customers politely. There's nothing he likes better than to scold a buyer for a poor choice of books. He also insists that customers must write witty letters when they order, or at least *try*. His best-sellers are Walter Kaufmann's 'The Critique of Religion and Philosophy,' Bertrand Russell's 'Why I Am Not a Christian,' and "The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy."

"Lucretius is always mumbling about being Chairman of the Committee to Re-institute Single Names by Abolishing Praenomens and Cognomens, and he's very sensitive and easily miffed. He hates to talk, that's why he doesn't have a phone. One customer drove all the way from Ohio to see if there were Roman numerals on the doorway. There aren't."

Even though we were able to talk only to the disembodied voice, who denied being Lucretius, we are at least able to report:

(1) Yes, Virginia, there *is* a Humanist Book Club.

(2) It has some of the most prominent writers and educators here and abroad as its customers.

(3) Its checks are good in spite of being signed only "Lucretius."

—JOHN G. FULLER

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1371)

J. R. H. BORONOW:
HELLO, AMERICAN!
(Suggested by Ethyl R. Grady)

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And the height of his ideals that make a man what he is.
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How do you measure?

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Saturday Review
JULY 9, 1960

DO WOMEN MAKE THE BEST BIOGRAPHERS?

By DONALD COX, *a writer who knows personally or has corresponded with most of the biographers mentioned in the following article. Mr. Cox is the author of "Stations in Space," to be published in August by Holt, Rinehart, & Winston.*

> *"I found myself possessed by a witches' frenzy to ungrave this man [Oliver Wendell Holmes], to stand him upright, see him walk, jump, dance, tell jokes, make love, display his vanity or his courage as the case might be."*
>
> *—Catherine Drinker Bowen, in "Adventures of a Biographer"*

THE BEST American biographers of our time are women. The reasons why this is so are still somewhat obscure. But the plain fact is that the writing up of great men's lives—once an all-male calling—has by slow degrees become largely the province of women.

During the past eighteen years, six Pulitzers for biography (or autobiography) have gone to women writers. In no other category of the famed Pulitzer literary, journalistic, and theatrical awards have the females so closely rivaled the men as in this one.

The list of lady authors receiving Pulitzers since 1941 reads as follows:

1941—Ola Elizabeth Winslow for "Jonathan Edwards"

1946—Linnie Marsh Wolfe for "Son of the Wilderness"

1948—Margaret Clapp for "Forgotten First Citizen—John Bigelow"

1951—Margaret Coit for "John C. Calhoun: An American Portrait"

1958—Mary Wells Ashworth (as a co-author of Volume VII of the late Douglas Southall Freeman's monumental biography of George Washington, which was finished after Dr. Freeman's death in 1953)

1959—Margaret Leech for "In the Days of McKinley."

These prize-winners are only a few of America's outstanding female biographers. Two of these Pulitzer winners, plus two others who have been honored by the Book-of-the-Month Club, stand out above the crowd, as the equals of any of their contemporary male counterparts in penning incisive, critical, readable, and comprehensive portraits of famous personages. They are Catherine Drinker Bowen, Esther Forbes, Margaret Leech, and Margaret Coit, each of whom has produced from two to half a dozen full-length portrayals that would delight James Boswell and Samuel Johnson if they were alive today.

THE subjects chosen by these four leading female biographers seem to fall into a general pattern. None of them has chosen to write about a giant—a major President, or a world leader. Rather, they have left the Churchills, Roosevelts, and Lincolns to the male biographers.

In most cases, we find that they have been content to choose less influential leaders, who have usually been overlooked by the male biographers for one reason or another. But if John Adams, William McKinley, Paul Revere, Sir Edward Coke, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and John C. Calhoun seem less glamorous than the major figures of world history, this does not mean that they lack color and general interest.

Somehow our female biographers have developed the knack of bringing out the color in the lives of these less well-known figures, though it has meant a great deal of painstaking research.

Catherine Drinker Bowen has disclosed many of the secrets of a successful biographer in her "The Writing of Biography" (Little, Brown, 1950) and "Adventures of a Biographer" (Little, Brown, 1959). In these two slim volumes, we find many techniques which tell us why this distinguished author of eight books (including five biographies) has made such a significant contribution to contemporary American letters.

ONE of the driving forces behind Mrs. Bowens' string of successes is the awful warning that hangs above her work desk: "Will the reader turn the page?" This motto could apply to any writer, no matter what his forte, but it particularly is appropriate for biographers, who tend to get bogged down in boring details.

Mrs. Bowen feels that biography is more exciting than history because it is more "immediately comprehensible," because it is something that our experience lets us know "upon our pulses." Mrs. Bowen observes that many historians feel history should not be written with bias, but should be objective; the good biographer, on the other hand, "must find a bias or point of view" as his or her underlying theme.

The following letter to this writer points out the bridge between history

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and biography. Esther Forbes describes in these words her personal motivation in writing her biography of Paul Revere, which really started out as a history of Boston in the Revolution, . . . "For several years I had been working on a novel about Boston as the Revolution was building up (beginning with the Boston Massacre and ending at Concord). The central figure—a man (by the way)—was supposed to represent the point of view of modern historians (i.e., much bad and good on both sides); but when the 2nd World War started off (in 1939 with the invasion of Poland) I became so un-non-prejudiced (if there is such a word), I found that I could not handle my material at all.

"It was one of the Houghton Mifflin editors that suggested one could write nonfiction—with its comparatively little demand for emotional attachment—when I couldn't do a novel. To start 'Paul Revere,' I already had a good historical background and knew almost exactly where the material I would need for him was. I had already read all the important diaries of this period.

"I chose him for two reasons: the enormous amount of papers, letters, etc. (at Mass. Historical), and the fact that little had been written about men of his general class and background. He was no Otis, Hancock, Warren, or Adams and yet without hundreds of men more or less like him, the Revolution would hardly have been possible. Also, his link as a craftsman (at the beginning) with 'modern industry' (at the end of his life) fascinated me. Copley's portrait of him (in the Fine Arts, Boston) also played a part as did the Stuart portrait of him in his old age. I doubt if there is so much material available about the women of the period—at least around Boston.

"But writing as a woman, I think I put in much more about wives, children, homelife, etc., than most men would be apt to—for I was quite as interested in 'the world he lived in' as in Revere himself as an isolated figure."

This passage summarizes one of the major reasons why Miss Forbes and her female compatriots picked the subjects and times which they chose for their literary portraits.

MANY WOMEN biographers, unlike most of their male counterparts, prefer the "narrative" form of biography to the "critical" type. Instead of standing beside the reader and trying to tell him *what* to think, the narrative biographical story teller lets the reader make his own judgment about the hero. As Margaret Coit puts it, "We are not crusaders, but are interested more in the human comedy." Miss Coit sums up her reasons for pursuing a literary career with this apt phrase, "I write because I have something to say."

The inner drives of our four selected authors vary, but one drive appears in all of them: they have all literally fallen in love with their subjects. In some cases their affairs with their dead heroes are carried on "maternally" and in others from the point of view of a mythical wife.

Margaret Coit, for instance, has carried on a long-distance, prolonged affair with John C. Calhoun, which was strongly influenced by the John Wesley Jarvis portrait of the great Southern Senator and which has had on her the hypnotic effect the Copley portrait of Paul Revere had on Esther Forbes. Most of these women writers are in an excellent position to carry on such intellectual affairs with their subjects without too many emotional qualms, since they are either widowed, divorced, single, or grandmothers.

A GOOD female biographer typically shows an exceptional amount of determination, stubbornness, perseverance, and drive. These traits are essential if the biographer is to penetrate the minds of his or her subject.

Although some of them might deny it, all of our four feminine biographers have very strong faces. Two of them, Catherine Bowen and Esther Forbes, have particularly rugged countenances with firm jaws. This outward appearance has its reflection in the dynamic quality and strength of their writings. One gets the feeling, after reading Mrs. Bowen's two long essays on how to write a biography, that women are in a better position to understand the emotions of their subjects than are most male biographers, and that they are thus in a better position to arouse the emotions of their readers.

Since biographers have the task of bringing out the facts and the significance of situations long since past, their area of maneuver is of course severely delimited. In this respect the capacity for insight and extreme patience characteristic of women biographers is a distinct asset.

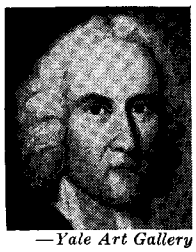
Another quality that complements the above trait and which stands out in our four biographers is their sharp sense of drama. Because they have invariably chosen neglected personages for their subjects, it becomes even more significant that they are able to draw a dramatic portrait of their hero and his era, so that the reader will not lose interest.

The writing of a quality biography requires an above-average literary artist—and our four Lady Boswells are first-rate craftsmen and stylists. The

Lady Biographers And Their Subjects

—*Pictorial Studio*

Ola Elizabeth Winslow

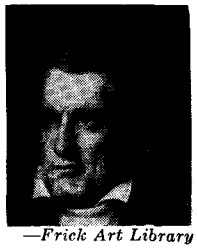


—*Yale Art Gallery*

Jonathan Edwards

—*John G. Anderson*

Margaret L. Coit



—*Frick Art Library*

John C. Calhoun

—*G. D. Hackett*

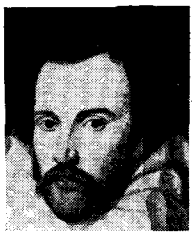
Margaret Leech

—*Frances B. Johnston*

William McKinley

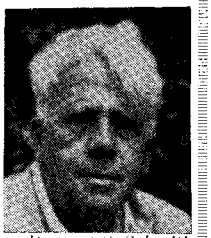
—*Okada Studio*

Catherine Drinker Bowen



Sir Edward Coke

Elizabeth Sergeant



—*Howard G. Schmith*

Robert Frost

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industry of the female biographer is exemplified in the grind that Margaret Leech went through during her research on "Reveille in Washington," the biography of a city. She would start out in the New York Public Library in the morning at 9:30 and work through till late in the afternoon for weeks on end. She would not even stop for lunch, but would have it sent in. At least three days a month, she would trek down to Washington to do more research in the Library of Congress. Somehow both she and the others have managed to stand up under the gaff, and still have enough energy left to come back for more.

Esther Forbes uses a "long-hand, short-hand technique" in doing her research. "It's fun writing," she says, "I like it. You hear writers say they just can't bear sitting down at a desk. I don't see how they can say that . . . But no book is as good as when you start it and are thinking about what's there."

ALTHOUGH her "Paul Revere" only took two years to write, as compared with Coit's seven for "Calhoun," Esther Forbes's later novel, "Rainbow on the Road" took five full years to complete. The difference in elapsed time is explained briskly by Miss Forbes with the remark that "non fiction just takes less concentration."

Esther Forbes credits her mother's help and collaboration for a great part of the success of her biography of Paul Revere; according to the author, Mrs. Harriette M. Forbes did "most of the work on the original papers, court records, deeds, etc., newspapers, manuscripts, diaries, and letters—which is the hardest part of a book like this."

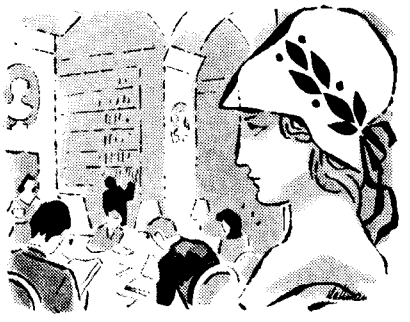
In "Paul Revere," Esther Forbes set a standard for female biographers by colorfully portraying the Revolutionary era. With Esther Forbes as one of her inspirations, Margaret Coit began to look beyond the classroom texts to old biographies for information about her hero, John C. Calhoun. When she discovered that these dusty books were, almost without exception, heavy and on the dull side, she decided to write a biography of the man that was readable as well as factual. Catherine Drinker Bowen has said, ". . . I aim not to startle with new material but to persuade with the old." Most of the female biographers have found this their best approach to their task.

The copious notes, file cards, dictaphone recordings, slips of yellow paper, and the newspaper clips that make up the research material for any non fiction book, but particularly a biography, are enough to frustrate most mortals; but to the disciplined female biographer, this pile of complexities seems to present an exciting challenge. Maybe it is woman's intuition to know when the time has come to stop reading and researching and start writing the book. This is one of the hardest decisions in any writing, but it is especially crucial in biography, because the writer must ask himself, "Do I have enough facts to give adequate coverage to my subject?"

MOST of our four biographers have done extensive traveling in connection with their research. Catherine Bowen, especially, has traveled widely in her quest for first hand material and for authentic atmosphere. This willingness was particularly essential to her in her work on the Rubinstein brothers, in Russia, and Sir Edward Coke in England. In her attempts to obtain the proper smell, taste, and feel of the atmosphere for her works on Calhoun and Baruch, Margaret Coit went to South Carolina, where she looked at the red-clay fields where Calhoun planted his cotton, and to New York, where she inspected the Central Park benches and other favorite haunts of Mr. Baruch.

One other asset that usually helps the woman biographer who is writing about a great man is her perseverance in delving into the woman's side of her subject. Margaret Leech's penetrating portrayal of Ida Saxton McKinley's nervous and physical breakdown, after the death of her mother and her second child, is a rare piece of biographical reporting. The President's deep devotion to his semi-invalided wife suffering from epilepsy is depicted with great tenderness and verisimilitude; one feels that if a man had been writing the book this important aspect of a misunderstood President's life would have been slighted. The ability of women to understand other women's motives is an added advantage in drawing a balanced picture of any man who has had a woman at his side. A case in point is Miss Coit's portrait of Calhoun's wife, Floride.

One of the reasons why we have waited over half a century for an able biographer to do a thorough and discerning book about President McKinley's life and times was the lack of inspiration that he presented to the typical male biographer. This failure to attract the male literary portrait-maker has made many dormant but fertile subjects available to the women, who are willing to tackle these little-known and somewhat dull personages of the past and who are willing to dig up the hidden facts that are necessary for a comprehensive and readable portrayal.



One characteristic that is apparent in women biographers is their gall, which they all have to possess in order to dig up the facts. Many times they are put in embarrassing situations when they reach one or more road blocks in their research into a dead man and his contemporaries. It takes a lot of effrontery to pry into surviving relatives' and friends' lives and thoughts to dig out secrets. This characteristic is (according to Miss Coit) particularly useful when the desired information is not available in written form, *i.e.* letters, diaries, and journals, and has to be unearthed by a personal interview with some suspicious person who has been close to the subject, but who resents the intrusion into his and the subject's private life.

Mrs. Bowen, for instance, was undeterred when she discovered that she would not be allowed to read Holmes's letters because they were being reserved by the estate's executor, Justice Felix Frankfurter, for Holmes's "definitive" biographer (who was then off at Malta serving in World War II). "Outlawed, placed politely beyond the pale," as far as his papers were concerned, she decided to take the long road to her goal by talking with those still alive who had known Holmes. She plunged into a round of interviews in Washington and Boston, if for no other reason than to beat out her potential male competition on Malta, who might also be working on a Holmes biography.

Where Catherine Bowen found her road block in the person of Justice Felix Frankfurter, Margaret Coit found herself blocked by Bernard Baruch, who had picked Charles M. Wiltse to write his official biography. After allowing her to see his personal papers, Mr. Baruch told Miss Coit that she couldn't use them, as he wanted them for his own memoirs. She then fell back upon Catherine Bowen's device of going to people who knew the financier and getting quotes from them.

Despite their drive and determination, female biographers share the male writer's habit of getting stalled between books. Consider this phase of Catherine Bowen's career. In 1950,

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Landscape of the Lonesome Plains

By Granville Hicks

OF WRIGHT MORRIS'S many gifts as a novelist, perhaps the most conspicuous is his ability to create character. From the hero of "My Uncle Dudley" (1942) to Mac and Horter in "Love Among the Cannibals" (1957), he has brought to life a great variety of men and women. They live for us in all their strangeness and all their familiarity: Mrs. Ormsby in "Man and Boy," Mrs. Porter in "The Deep Sleep," Will Brady in "The Works of Love," Lawrence, Proctor, Lou Baker, and Peter Foley in "The Huge Season," and many others.

"Ceremony in Lone Tree" (Atheneum, $4) assembles the most remarkable collection of characters we have yet encountered in a Morris novel. Some of them were introduced in "The Field of Vision": Old Tom Scanlon; his daughter and her husband, Lois and Walter McKee; their grandson, Gordon McKee, and McKee's boyhood friend, Gordon Boyd. Others we meet for the first time: Lois's sister Edna, who is married to an Oklahoma millionaire; another sister, Maxine, married to Bud Momeyer, a postman; the Momeyers' daughter, Etoile (pronounced Ee-toal); the McKees' older grandson, Calvin, who is Etoile's boyfriend. Then, thrown in for good measure, there is Jennings, some of Will Brady of "The Works of Love," and there is the girl Boyd picks up en route.

Except for Jennings, who just happens along at this time because he wants to talk to Scanlon about his father, these people come to Lone Tree to celebrate Tom Scanlon's ninetieth birthday. After the first section, which beautifully sets the stage, we see the characters as they converge on the deserted town. The second half of the novel describes the events of the night before the birthday. Scanlon dies, and, as the book ends, his corpse is being carried away in the covered wagon in which he was born.

"Ceremony in Lone Tree" is the most recent in a series of books—including two collections of photographs, "The Inhabitants" and "The Home Place"—in which Morris has sought to define the quality of life in the Plains States. In "Love and Death in the American Novel," Leslie Fiedler says that Morris "has been trying to convince his readers that Nebraska is the absurd hell we all inhabit." This is a perceptive remark, although not free from Fiedleresque exaggeration. Certainly Morris's account is grim enough, and certainly he is commenting on more than a particular region. The Plains States offers him his key to the whole of America.

In "Ceremony," as in the other books about the Plains, Morris is concerned with the role of nostalgia. Scanlon, as we know from "The Field of Vision," lives wholly in an imagined past. Calvin McKee, when he runs away from home, goes looking for Scanlon's West and finds it, attaching himself to a gold prospector who scorns the searchers after uranium. Jennings writes adventure stories: "Although he had never mounted a horse, he wrote of men who lived in the saddle, their trigger fingers hairless from the heat of their shooting irons." Nor is it only the characters who feel the lure of the Old West who succumb to nostalgia; Gordon Boyd is still struggling to come to terms with his own past.

But the present is there to be reckoned with, and Morris does not think well of it. Clyde Ewing, the oilman, has the most modern of homes, but he spends most of his time in a luxurious trailer, and his only interest in life is his prize bulldog. McKee, comfortably well off, has his share of gadgets but does not enjoy them. Gadgets and violence are what the present seems to offer. There is the great violence of the atom bomb, of which Boyd is constantly aware, and then there is the violence that grows out of simple human frustration. Etoile's cousin, Lee Roy Momeyer, deliberately runs down and kills two classmates because "he just got tired of being pushed around." At the same time Nebraska is being terrorized by Charlie Munger, who shoots ten persons before he is caught. His comment is: "I want to be somebody." McKee feels that most of the young people he sees are capable of just such evil outbursts.

THERE is no one in the book who knows how to live in the present. Boyd's tough-talking girl, a kind of beatnik, goes along on a catch-as-catch-can basis; her most memorable act is to pop out her contact lenses. Etoile, who seems to know what she wants, is more likable, but in her heart she, too, is frightened and frightening. "Everybody hates everybody," she says apropos of Charley Munger, "but nobody knows why anybody gets shot. You want to know somethin'? I'd like to shoot a few dozen people myself!"

As so often in Morris's books, the men have refused to grow up and their wives dominate them. Bud Momeyer, with his inventions and his bow and arrows, is a perpetual adolescent.

(*Continued on page* 30)

Comment by the Author:

PACIFIC PALISADES, CALIFORNIA.

I am not a regional writer, but the character of the plains has conditioned what I see, what I look for, and what I find in the world to write about. Even in those books of mine that are not particularly regional, the plains environment seeps in and controls the book. It is perhaps hard to exaggerate the impact of an *empty* environment on the imagination. We can begin with the Bible, with Doughty's Arabs, crouched in their cloaca, with their foreheads touching the sky. The opening chapter of "Ceremony in Lone Tree" is given over entirely to the *look* of the place. In "Ceremony," while set in a specific region, the nature of the environment works itself out in terms of character. To call my writing "photographic" is misleading. Actually the minute detail used in describing a room, for instance, cannot be traced to an actual place; instead, it grows out of imaginative reconstruction. What is portrayed is an appearance rather than a photographic likeness, verisimilitude rather than the actual.

The notion that life, like a zipper, runs along a straight track is alien to modern sensibility. Today, the artist breaks into the tape and examines the exact nature of reality at that point, like a scientist peering through a microscope at a skin cutting. In my novels, from "Deep Sleep" on, I have tried to reveal a segment, a fraction of life. "Field of Vision" takes place in two and a half hours, while "Ceremony" reconstructs the relevant parts of life in an afternoon and a night, during which time each character exists at a specific moment. A moment of time contains the all.

—WRIGHT MORRIS.

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INDIA

By the Waters of the Indus

"India Wins Freedom: A First-hand Account of Independence and Partition," by Maulana Abul Kalam Azad; *translated by Humayun Kabir (Longmans, Green. 293 pp. $6),* ***"India: The Most Dangerous Decade," by Selig S. Harrison*** *(Princeton University Press. 350 pp. $6.50), and* ***"India Today," by Frank Moraes*** *(Macmillan. 248 pp. $4), view a complex nation from three differing focal points. Ranjee Shahani's "Mr. Gandhi" will be published by Macmillan next January.*

By Ranjee Shahani

INDIA has always fascinated the West. There is something about her that is mystery-plus. She intrigues, provokes, and entices an inquirer. The truth is, India is that sea which separates on this earth the life of the mind from a life of the spirit, without creating any scission between the two. Here the intellect knows the soul and the soul functions with the force of the intellect.

Not to be aware of this is to flop about in the waters below the waters. This is seen to good effect in three recent books which speak of contemporary India. The result is disconcerting: each author tries to remove the whirlpool from the endless waves. A mockery, what?

To deal with the most important book of the batch first. It is by a patriot who is little understood by his countrymen. Devadas Gandhi, the favorite son of the Mahatma, said on one occasion at his dinner table, "They still cling to Azad. The fellow is useless. He comes to the office for a while, signs some papers, and then returns home to laze luxuriously. His assistants at the Ministry of Education carry on as best they can. It doesn't make sense." Then, thinking a little, he added, "I suppose there is no provision in our Constitution for offering a past worker a handsome pension without making him a member of the Cabinet."

There was little dissent from this verdict. Indeed, some guests went so far as to say that it was a scandal to pamper a tired old person while bright young people were rotting for want of jobs. Such views were current in India some years ago.

Now, reading Maulana Abul Kalam Azad's memoirs, posthumously published, one is driven to the conclusion that he fully deserved what was given to him by the authorities. He was not only a fine scholar and gentleman, but also a man of integrity and vision. He suffered intensely when the land of his dreams, for which he had sacrificed so much, was vivisected. This is not what he had toiled for. He put up a fight to maintain his attitude. He was overruled by his colleagues in the Congress Party. This disgusted him, and he makes no attempt to hide his true feelings. He was sure that Hindus and Moslems, despite seeming differences, were children of the same soil. To divide them was a cultural and ethnic stupidity. It weakened both.

The great merit of this book is that it is not hushed and genuflecting in tone: it speaks out bravely, recording events and the deeds of men with a pitiless lucidity. Gandhi does not appear as an all-wise being, but as one who committed a series of Himalayan blunders. For instance, it was he who lovingly hoisted Jinnah on a pedestal, and then found, to his horror, that the object of his attentions had become too aloft and aloof for any human approach.

Nehru is blamed, in large part, for the partition of India. He is, according to Azad, overdoctrinaire, apt to pin a butterfly before catching it.

Sardar Patel, who is revered even more after his death, is shown as a sawdust Caesar. Had he possessed some foresight, he would never have given the portfolio of Finance in the Interim Government to a member of the Muslim league and thereby invited endless trouble. Whatever funds he and Nehru asked for to run their respective departments were held up indefinitely. They were left twiddling their thumbs.

Sir Stafford Cripps does not come out too well; he is presented as a merchant of half-ideas. As for Lord Mountbatten, he is given grudging praise as a siren voice that lulled to sleep the intelligence of Hindu leaders and made them willingly accept the amputation of their country.

This is a forthright book, which throws a flood of light on the independence movement and the men who played a significant part in it. Its defects are obvious: the writing, though refreshingly free from emotional gush and intellectual jugglery, has no subtle touches; revealing pen-portraits are lacking; the autobiographical elements are tantalizing, telling us nothing of the drama of the author's life; judgments on men are too one-sided to be wholly convincing, and Azad himself seems to have made no blunders, which is somewhat surprising.

Humayun Kabir, a distinguished writer in his own right, has Englished the book from Urdu notes with the single-minded zeal of a saint, but the style does not always come off. There are dull passages, wooden passages, passages that cry out to be rewritten. But the fault is not the translator's: he was obliged to adhere to the dictated text. Azad was not an artist.

One word more. Louis Fischer's introduction and notes are just right.

"India Today" is undoubtedly the best book that Frank Moraes has written so far: it covers immense ground without any slacking of interest. The writing is simple, natural, devoid of all rhetoric. Contemporary India, having been set in the framework of its millenial past, is examined with quiet efficiency. The result is distressing.

The country is in a bad way: it is full of cancerous growths. The economy is backward; the caste system is rampant; Untouchables are still there; linguistic provinces have become a menace; the masses are greedy and uneducated; the politicians show signs of being selfish and shortsighted, and, to cap it all, Communism is beginning to paint the land red from the feet upwards.

ALL this is true, and yet, and yet: one hesitates. Is India any different today from what she always has been? The fact is, it is not a village like England or France, but a cosmopolis. Its discords must not be rubbed out; from them, on the contrary, must be created a lovelier harmony.

Mr. Moraes would have seen all this if he had studied more carefully the Indian experiment with life. His first two chapters, dealing with the Hindu spirit and the forces that have shaped it, are unworthy of him, for they are superficial, lacking in perspective, based almost entirely on English books of reference. Had he read Aurobindo or René Guenon or even Count Keyserling, he would have revised many of his opinions. He is affected too much by the moralism of Britain.

Who, where, what is a Hindu? The answer is simple: he who has lived by the Indus and drunk its waters. So there are in India, surprising as it may seem, Hindu Hindus, Muslim Hindus,

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Parsi Hindus, and Christian Hindus. Mr. Moraes, though an ostensible Catholic, is no less a Hindu than the present writer is. The pull of the country is irresistible. It puts together different beads to make a necklace.

Mr. Moraes's judgments on Indian leaders are less than fair. He seems to have met them at press conferences and parties. This is not the way to know anyone intimately.

But this book, though marred by haste, is valuable all the same; it makes us see India at her worst, and that is a good way of arriving at the best.

"Can the country hold together?" is the disturbing question posed by Selig Harrison in his scholarly work "India: The Most Dangerous Decade."

There is evidence that it will split up into a number of totalitarian small nationalities. Various authorities are cited to support this thesis.

There is much food for thought in what Mr. Harrison says, and Indians will do well to heed his friendly warning; yet the truth is not as simple as all that. Indian unity is different from what obtains in other countries; it has little to show in the way of outward signs; it is fundamentally of a metaphysical order, soul attuned to soul, and all attuned to the divine. It cannot be destroyed. At present, as Morarji Desai has said, "Indians are like the children of a beggar woman who have been invited to a tea party. They want to gobble up all the cakes."

India has one and only one problem: poverty. Remove that, and sweet reasonableness will come as naturally as light from the sun.

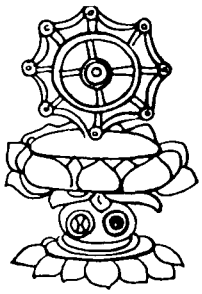
Must it be so? While one admits the presence of centrifugal political forces —largely the result of the play of personal ambition of regional politicians— there are present other forces, far more powerful, which tend to unify the country. The prosperity plans of the Nehru administration seek to emphasize the economic interdependence of the regional units of the Indian Republic, interlocking them in a common-welfare pattern. Despite minor surface variations, the cultural substratum of all the regions has remained national in the real sense of the term. The cohesive power of religious sentiment and belief is yet another invisible unifying factor. It is true that every newly constituted Indian state will strive to develop its identity. But all these identities are enfolded in the total personality of the Indian state because the cultural strains are the same all over the nation.

Riencourt has said elsewhere that India has never insisted on conformity. The principle of coexistence, which India readily accepts, should enable her to tolerate a variety of surface variations without being unduly disturbed. The unfriendly acts of China, India's close neighbor, have served India greatly by emotionally uniting the people for national survival. The power of the different media of communication is yet another important unifying factor.

The image of the India of the future will be like the icon of the Hindu god whose multiple arms carry a variety of objects: books, weapons, garland, flower, and pot. It will not be an India broken to bits but a mother India hugging close to her bosom her periodically increasing number of children. But there is also this possibility: as India goes forward with her gigantic and hasty experiments in Western-type democracy in a national structure, the idea of democracy and nation might become somewhat modified. This modification will be India's characteristic contribution to political theory.

THIS book will provoke controversy and thought. Its earlier chapters, dealing with historical development, are most illuminating and, as far as I know, nothing like them has appeared hitherto. The historian can only attempt to project the lines of development into the future, but history has sometimes an alogical development, and India might escape the gloomy fate Riencourt has predicted. It may be he is wrong, or I am wrong. Who can tell? In the meanwhile this book deserves to be read and reread by both Indians and all those who wish to understand India and her problems.

Shape of the Asian Crisis



"The Soul of India," by Amaury de Riencourt *(Harper. 431 pp. $6.95), asserts that political fragmentation is the only logical conclusion to which historical forces can take that troubled land. O. K. Nambiar is chairman of the English Department at the University of Mysore's Central College.*

By O. K. Nambiar

AMAURY DE RIENCOURT'S studies of the soul of nations have a penetration deeper than any similar series so far seen. The author's purpose is to apply a new, integrated philosophy of history to a particular civilization and explain modern conditions against the background of its culture and psychology. This volume, which follows "The Soul of China," is concluded by a peep into the future.

There seems to be a special purpose in taking up China and India for particular attention. Apart from the fact that these two civilizations provide suitable illustrations of the Riencourt view of history, these vast areas of ancient civilization have 40 per cent of the earth's human inhabitants—a perplexing human potential. Inner urges and internal compulsions are at work here, and the stability of human associations and the future course of history itself will be greatly influenced by the way these two great nations think and act. The rest of Asia, none of it free from colonial ties, will find itself moving in the direction chosen by either China or India. This is the shape of the crisis in Asia, and it deserves the most careful and close study.

Riencourt traces the history of India from its dim beginnings in the Harappan period and brings the account forward to our own times, pausing to examine the impact of Asia, Europe, and the world upon this ancient land and its people. He ascertains the nature and strength of the inner and outer forces that have influenced India's historical development from a study of their expression in terms of the science, arts, and philosophy of the people. Crossing boundaries with ease, and familiar with all aspects of Indian culture, Riencourt has come closer to the discovery of the soul of India—not just a discovery of India—than anyone I know. Flashes of insight brighten every one of these 431 pages. The book serves as a means of self-discovery for Indians, and as a well-timed, fresh appraisal for the West.

The author believes that India cannot avert political disintegration – a sort of Balkanization – when Nehru, whom he describes as a Caesarian Colossus, is gone from the scene. The forecast is gloomy and to Indians acutely aware of some of the recent fissiparous tendencies in the country, painful. According to Riencourt, political fragmentation is the only logical conclusion to which historical forces can take the nation.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

A Memoir off the Record

"Felix Frankfurter Reminisces," as recorded in talks with Dr. Harlan B. Phillips *(Reynal. 310 pp. $5), the first book-length publication derived from the Columbia University Oral History project, spans the Justice's life from 1894 to 1939. For many years a writer on the Supreme Court, its issues and personalities, Irving Dilliard edited "The Spirit of Liberty," a collection of the writings of Judge Learned Hand.*

By Irving Dilliard

THE FIRST thing to know about this truly fascinating and in many ways remarkable book is how it came to be. For the way "Felix Frankfurter Reminisces" came to be explains in large part why it is infinitely more personal and hence why it is far more absorbing than the usual autobiography, which the author-subject himself bluntly says in a jacket statement that this book is not.

Some seven years ago Justice Frankfurter began his participation in the Columbia University Oral History project by means of a series of tape recordings of his replies to questions put to him by Harlan B. Phillips, then a member of the staff of that exceedingly valuable archival enterprise. The Oral History Research Office, it should be noted, was set up in 1949 for the purpose of accumulating reminiscences of important people by recorded interviews, which are then filed, in manuscript form, with supporting and related papers for the use of future historians and other scholars. One aim is to collect the eyewitness accounts of men and women who may be too busy participating in public events to take the time to write down what they saw and heard and thought and did.

In his foreword, the questioner says that at the time the recordings were taken no thought was given to the possibility of their becoming a book and that "the Justice certainly never had any expectation of its appearance during his lifetime." The Supreme Court member confesses that he has now given his consent for publication, but whether "through weakness or kindness" he is not sure. If there has been a previous full-length book published from the Oral History recordings this reader does not know of it.

These reminiscences begin with the little immigrant Felix Frankfurter's early years in New York City (he arrived in 1894 at the age of eleven without ever having heard a word of English spoken). For all practical purposes the closing date is 1939, when the then Harvard law professor was appointed to the Supreme Court to follow Benjamin N. Cardozo in the seat so long graced by the great Oliver Wendell Holmes.

One singular value of the Oral History project appears in the Justice's recounting of how Franklin D. Roosevelt made that appointment. For the President seemingly engaged in a cat-and-mouse game which had him explaining repeatedly to his friend and adviser that he would like to place him on the Supreme Court but could not do so since he had promised to name a Justice from west of the Mississippi River. The intimate narrative of the series of apologetic calls from the White House is more naturally the product of conversational recollection, spoken in answer to questions, than of formal writing for impending publication.

Also it is less probable that ordinary biographical writing would set down as many sharp likes and dislikes in personalities and ideas and policies. For these pages record talking, and talking carries less in the way of restrictions and hindrances than does more careful writing. After full allowance is made for the fact that these recollections are from one of the most brilliant and eager minds of our time, the fact must remain that their oral character gives them a quality which they would not have had if they had been compiled in the familiar writing process.

Because the last two decades are not covered, the Frankfurter reminiscences deal chiefly with departed personages: the Presidents of the first half of this century, their Cabinet members, and the other public celebrities of the times. For although the popular notion has been to set Felix Frankfurter in the New Deal era, his career shows him to have been associated with three Presidential Administrations in official capacities prior to the outbreak of World War I.

Here are bits of Frankfurterian characterization based on his closehand observations:

Theodore Roosevelt: "Like all great men he was surrounded by bootlicks and sycophants and people who fanned the weak sides of him."

William Howard Taft: "He loathed being President and being Chief Justice was all happiness for him. He fought against being President and yielded to the acceptance of that heritage because of the insistence of Mrs. Taft—very ambitious in that direction."

Henry L. Stimson: "I don't see how a young fellow coming to the bar could possibly have had a more desirable, more deepening, and altogether more precious influence during his formative years than to be junior to Henry L. Stimson."

Oliver Wendell Holmes: "You sat in front of the fire and he did practically all of the talking. He was probably the best talker—not the greatest talker in volume, but you just didn't think of talking when he talked because it was such a wonderful stream of exciting flow of ideas in words."

Gutzon Borglum: "In 1912 he and I Bull Moosed together. He had the eloquence of not qualifying his speech. It was all clear, black and white, passionate, uncompromising. People weren't wrong; they were crooked. People didn't disagree with him; they cheated him."

Herbert Croly: "He was noble, in the sense that to a rare degree he had a sense of justice. He was one of the most just-minded men I ever knew on or off the Supreme Court."

James Clark McReynolds: "Mr. Justice McReynolds was a hater. He was also primitive. He had barbaric streaks in him. He was rude beyond words to that gentle saintlike Cardozo."

George Sutherland: "[Mr. Justice Sutherland] was very nice, a thorough gentleman, but limited because his basic ideas came from a predominantly different social and economic society than was asserting itself in the 1920s."

Roscoe Pound: "He was a scare cat. Not only was he timid, but he wanted to be all things to all men. He was afraid to stand up to people. He wanted to be thought well of by everybody."

Senator Pat McCarran: "He did his

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damnedest by all sorts of devices and schemes to prevent my confirmation."

Norman Angell: "[He] was a mousey kind of fellow with unrelenting logical powers—but mousey as a personality, with a mousey voice. It is hard to think of him in all the glamorous and adventuresome activities in which he was engaged."

Samuel Williston: "He was the greatest artist as a teacher I ever encountered, the greatest virtuoso in conducting a class."

The Justice reminisces candidly about institutions as well as persons. He explains that he was a reserve major in World War I but, as Secretary Newton D. Baker's assistant, did not go into uniform with an active commission because he "knew enough about the doings in the War Department to know that every pipsqueak Colonel would feel that he was more important than a Major. As a civilian I could get into the presence of a General without saluting, clicking my heels, and having the Colonel outside say, 'You wait. He's got a Colonel in there.' "

ALTHOUGH he lists newspapers as among the "chief miseducators of the people," he accepts Joseph Alsop's witty remark that "Arthur Krock is a frustrated jurist and Justice Frankfurter is a frustrated journalist," by saying: "I don't know about Krock, but that's a fair crack about me." Indicting lawyers with shortsightedness, he says that from the 1880s on they "did their client's bidding instead of illuminating their minds to understanding something about the forces with which they were dealing."

If Felix Frankfurter were to select one legal essay as the "most important," he tells us it would be that by Harvard's James Bradley Thayer in 1893, which influenced Judge Learned Hand and others, including, notably, Frankfurter himself, to act as judges in the belief that "under no system can the power of courts go far to save a people from ruin" and that "the checking and cutting down of legislative power cannot be accomplished without making the government petty and incompetent."

This presupposes an intensely interested public and yet Felix Frankfurter himself, so he tells us frankly, took no interest whatever in the Sacco-Vanzetti case for five years. He did yeoman work in the two last years of the defense, but from 1920 to 1925, although the case was almost next door to the Harvard Law School, the legal scholar did not even read the newspaper accounts of the efforts to save the shoemaker and fish peddler from death.

New Life of Old Master

"The Life of Michelangelo," by Charles H. Morgan *(Reynal. 254 pp. $6), shows how social, political, and economic conditions governed the artist's production. Robert J. Clements is director of comparative literature in New York University's Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. His "Michelangelo's Theory of Art" will be published this fall.*

By Robert J. Clements

THERE are a few geniuses about whom the final word will never be spoken. Michelangelo was such a man. He never recorded his own life, leaving behind only the provocative clues in his letters, poems, and works of art. Indeed, he deplored in a letter to Tommaso Cavalieri that "the pen cannot come near fulfilling one's intent." His friends Condivi and Vasari demonstrated the truth of this by supplying only sketchy and anecdotal synopses of his life. There is consequently no definitive biography of Michelangelo, although there have been so many retellings of that life that Michelangelo might well cry out as he did to Donato Giannotti, "Just leave me alone wrapped up in my shroud." If the final version of that life has not been written, it is not for want of information on his daily activities. We can trace those events weekly if not daily up to his ninetieth year. It is simply that this unusual man, about whom so much documentation exists, died without revealing the answers to the most basic questions concerning his esthetic canons, his personal life, and the meanings of many of his works of art.

Professor Charles Morgan's "Life of Michelangelo" ranks without question as one of the best of the biographies. Not only does he present a knowledgeable and thoughtful panorama of the artist's life, but he makes judicious use of the recent researches undertaken by de Tolnay, Papini, Panofsky, and many others. His book is cautious and sound, avoiding debatable interpretations of the art, such as de Tolnay's claim that the histories of the Sistine Ceiling must be viewed in anti-Biblical order to reveal Platonic meaning. Careful gallery-lecture explanations are supplied for the major works of art, illustrated in an appendix rich with plates. Morgan's prose is disciplined and clear, studded with occasional wit and Victorian circumlocution. (Michelangelo does not so-

"I'll have another cup of 'The Heavenly Coffee.' "

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journ in the Venetian ghetto [*giudecca*], but rather in an "inconspicuous quarter"; the bordello to which Aretino assigns the nudity of the "Last Judgement" becomes a "place of debauchery.") After the highly charged interpretations of Marcel Brion, Romain Rolland, and the other biographers, this chastened presentation of Michelangelo's life is welcome. On one point, perhaps, Morgan is too cautious. Denying that Michelangelo had a sexual relationship with Tommaso Cavalieri (a denial now generally accepted), the Amherst professor shies away from the artist's ill-starred physical passion for Gherardo Perini, Febo di Poggio, and even the juvenile Francesco di Zanobi Bracci. He mentions none of these. Yet each of these brought anguish to the artist and affected his work, as a careful probing of Michelangelo's poetry and notes will attest. Morgan thus falls into the role of whitewasher which he himself assigned to the first editor of Michelangelo's poems. Surely Michelangelo's mores and sexual attitudes are an important factor in the understanding of his art.

This biography establishes with unusual clarity the effects upon Michelangelo's career of the historical forces of war, intrigue, acts of God, and the vicissitudes of such ruling families as the Medici and the Della Rovere. One understands now better than ever how social, political, and economic conditions continued to govern the artist's production. The book does not exploit all of the colorful testimony of the letters. One misses such wonderful outbursts as "Every day I am lapidated, as though I had crucified Christ!" or "I'd have done better in my youth to hire myself out to make sulphur matches!" One misses those tremendous mystical and confessional sonnets which rank with the greatest of Counter-Reformational verse. One misses certain of the dramatic moments recounted by his contemporaries: Michelangelo's decision to carve a Carrarese mountaintop into a colossus or his indecision whether to go to Constantinople and throw his lot in with the sultan. Yet all the essential facts are in this book of modest proportions. And there are sufficient mauve patches to prove again that one need not resort to fictionalized biography to restore this titan as a lifelike figure.

Mr. Morgan's biography can stand on its merits without the unfortunate blurb on the jacket hailing it as the "first major biography in nearly seventy years devoted to Michelangelo." Since a comparison is thus forced upon us, the late Papini's recent biography, more limited in its objectives, remains a more remarkable and original contribution.

Jungle Journal

***"Devils in Waiting," by Mary Motley** (Viking. 244 pp. $4.50), dissects the colonial society that existed in Brazzaville more than two decades ago. Elspeth Huxley's last book was "The Flame Trees of Thika"; her next will be "A New Earth."*

By Elspeth Huxley

"A FRAGMENT for a keepsake" is Mary Motley's own description of her book. Anyone who took her at her word and sent it, with a lavender bag, to Aunt Agatha for a seventieth birthday present would have been misled. The flavor is tart and lightly seasoned with malice, the writing plain yet subtle, the setting exotic. At the age of eighteen Mary Motley—a descendant of Sheridan the playright, daughter of Clare Sheridan the sculptor, and a cousin of Winston Churchill's—met the Comte Guy de Renéville, an officer "adored by his men, hated by his equals and feared by his superiors: the most likable lunatic in the French forces." The Comte, back at his colonial outpost, consulted a witch doctor, who buried Miss Motley's photograph at the full moon and then counseled the lieutenant to summon her across the Saharan sands from her Algerian home.

Investing a small legacy in a second-hand car, she drove romantically to the Niger and beyond, to find nothing. The Comte had vanished without leaving even a message. A year later they married. The Comte meanwhile had joined a secret cult of fetish, and his wedding present was a wooden imp that had only to be rubbed with palm-oil to avert domestic disorders.

Posted to Brazzaville, capital of what was then French Equatorial Africa, in the governor-general's suite, this restless, intelligent young couple, hungry for experience, found their lives swathed in protocol, sodden with dank heat. The French ladies were "legless wonders," rising late, spending afternoons in siesta, and paying calls, well gloved, before dinner. The governor-general's lady wore evening dress for luncheon, adored a pampered white dog, and indulged a passion for photographing a hideous bridge, symbol of Progress. Mme. de Renéville startled everyone by long early-morning walks through the bush with a gay, incompetent orderly.

The people she met were "undersized and pot-bellied, spindle-shanked, diseased, the broken and degenerate remains of defeated races, consumed with fever and tuberculosis." They fed their dogs poisoned meat to immunize them, and a dog's bite meant instant death; even the pretty white flowers growing around their thatched huts were deadly poison.

"Africa was all round, pulsating, urgent. But I could not reach it. I was looking at a landscape from behind plate glass." Gradually the glass dissolved. There was Sergeant Khamis, a man of such innate goodness that leopards ate from his hand and pined to death when he himself was poisoned. The small boy Angelo hid eggs in Mary's work-basket to express his love. A small, epileptic girl crowed like a cock and one day vanished from the hospital, never to be heard of again. The Christian locomotive engineer killed first a half-brother, then a half-sister, and ate them, confessing to "the sin of gluttony."

The devils remain in waiting, just off-stage. Only Trechaut, the lonely old trader, his hut lined with superb ivory, would sometimes "make things clear without explaining them." Although all contacts with the ancient and enduring religion of Africa were indirect, "the vibrations come through," as Trechaut said. More lovable than most people were the pets: Niama the jackal, who one day "went for bush" wearing collar and bells; a gray parrot afraid only of snakes. Mary Motley's household staff filled her with that mixture of exasperation and affection known to all who have lived in Africa—lived in it, not merely existed. She felt Africa in her bones, hated and loved it, and she conveys its essence in her pages. Her people live. Nothing much seems to happen, but when you think back you see that they have served and suffered, died, begat, been bewitched, promoted and bereaved, almost casually. Small beer perhaps, but with a sharp, individual flavor that hints of heavier brews.

All this happened twenty years ago and more. There is nothing here of politics; the new nationalists, the young men in love with power, ritualists of the ballot-box, intent on building empires on a cracked base of tribalism, are absent from her pages. Certainly the Comte would not have been *sympathique*. Yet Africa has not changed much; only the colonial society has vanished. This Mary Motley dissects at times as if a new Jane Austen had married a Frenchman, lived in the Congo, and written home to her family; breaking from beneath the surface, like drumbeats mumbling from beyond a circle of safe lamplit houses, are deeper Brontean hints of blood and passion. But there is humor always, to make the gruesome tolerable, the tragic poignant, and the human beings real.

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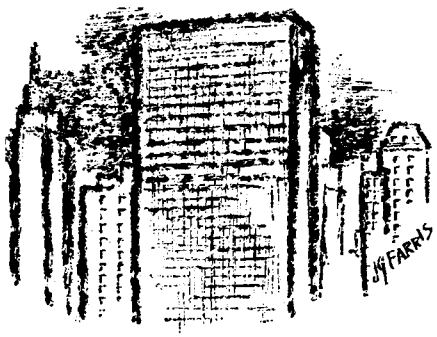
NYC

Men About Manhattan

"Meyer Berger's New York," by Meyer Berger *(Random House. 322 pp. $4.95) and* ***"The Bottom of the Harbor," by Joseph Mitchell*** *(Little, Brown. 243 pp. $3.95), preserve for posterity articles about Gotham that have appeared, respectively, in The New York Times and The New Yorker. Richard Gehman, who is co-editor of "Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz," often writes for SR.*

By Richard Gehman



ONE NIGHT about fourteen years ago, when I was hungry enough, ambitious enough, ingenuous enough, and, finally, idiotic enough to attempt to draw older magazine writers into Discussions of the Form, I cornered St. Clair McKelway, one of my idols, at a party he obviously wished he weren't at, possibly because I was there, and got him to tell me, before he escaped to a less inquisitive atmosphere, that in his mind, "Andy" (I did not then know that by "Andy" he meant Andy, or E. B., White, for if I had I might have fainted) had said all there was to be said about this crushing craft: that the hardest thing about it was putting one word down after the other. Like E. B. White's statements on everything from world law to the behavior of pet dogs, this was deceptively bland, but its loaded significance has never been brought home to me so arrestingly as during my casual trips through these two fine books, each of which ultimately will be used by more than ordinarily astute professors in universities as models of modern prose style.

My trips have been casual because I have read most of this work before: Mitchell's in clipped-out pages from *The New Yorker,* and Berger's in his column in *The New York Times.* On each excursion, including the most recent ones, I have been struck by the clean, solid strength of their writing. Both books offer many proofs of the fact that factual reporting can be raised by highly skilled hands from craft to art, and that prose concerned with what at first appears commonplace materials can be made to sing like poetry.

Meyer Berger, a native-born New Yorker, died in February, 1959, as he was approaching sixty-one. He had been on the staff of the *Times,* except for one year out to work on Mitchell's home magazine, from 1928 on. In 1953 he began anew a column about New York he had started writing some years before. Its subjects ranged from a man who grew orchids in his apartment to the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade to landmarks to Mormons in the city to the marriage license clerk. Everything about New York was interesting to Berger, and it was lucky for the rest of us that he was prolific enough to write of his many concerns and amusements.

Mitchell is not interested in many different things, but he is interested in everything about the ones that do attract him. Born in North Carolina, he went to New York in 1929, worked on both the *World* and the *Herald Tribune,* then settled on *The New Yorker* in 1938. He has been there ever since, exasperating his admiring readers, nearly all of whom believe he is the best writer of all the reporters, by producing articles at the rate of approximately one per year. There are six articles in this book, all connected in one way or another with the New York waterfront.

When I set aside these two books to write this, I could not help feeling sad for two reasons: first, of course, because Meyer Berger is dead; second, because Mitchell produces so little (one wishes he would step up his production to, say, well, one article every eight or nine months.) Between them, working the same territory in their own ways, they have produced a body of work that, in its own way, is classic.

Metropolitan Hurdy-Gurdy

"Carnival Crossroads: The Story of Times Square," by W. G. Rogers and Mildred Weston *(Doubleday. 183 pp. $3.50), mirrors the vital, garish intersection of New York's Broadway and 42nd Street. Jo Ranson is on the staff of Radio-Television Daily, located in the aorta of the Great White Way.*

By Jo Ranson

SUPERCHARGED Times Square and its frenzied characters are captured in an urbane, distinctive fashion in "Carnival Crossroads: The Story of Times Square," by W. G. Rogers and Mildred Weston, a husband-and-wife team. This book is indeed a successful merger of talents, an effort that seldom creaks at the seam. The authors had an enormous amount of material at their disposal and they exercised excellent judgment in selection. The result is a discerning and frequently poetic profile of the crowded cement merry-go-round in the purlieu of Broadway and 42nd Street.

Both the sightseer from Sioux City and the sophisticate from Sutton Place will find much to hold their interest in the Rogers's compact literary parcel, which offers shrewd estimates of Giovanni da Verrazano, the first European to aim his compass in the direction of Times Square; Generals George Washington and Israel Putnam, who made personal appearances at the intersection; Oscar Hammerstein I, the flamboyant showman who fanfared his approach to Times Square when it was Longacre Square; Adolph S. Ochs of *The New York Times,* who had the sagacity to build the first skyscraper in the area; Jacob Starr of Artkraft-Straus and Douglas Leigh, both of whom turned the Square into a dazzling, eye-popping assortment of huffing, puffing, moving signs, and George Rector, who bragged that he found Broadway "a quiet little lane of ham and eggs in 1899 and . . . left it a full-blown avenue of lobsters, champagne and morning-afters."

Perhaps the richest chapters are those dealing with the clergy and the cops—particularly the latter, who patrol a rugged beat around the clock

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Dynamics of the Dollar

"The Stages of Economic Growth: A Non-Communist Manifesto," by W. W. Rostow *(Cambridge University Press. 179 pp. $1.45), breaks new ground in its analysis of the stages that condition the evalution of nations. "The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution" is among A. A. Berle, Jr.'s many publications.*

By A. A. Berle, Jr.

THIS is an important book. It has already influenced British thought and cannot fail to have an impact in the United States. It will, I think, affect action. It is the most dynamic book on economics I have read in several years.

Walter Rostow, professor of economic history at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has tackled the job of constructing a theory of economic history. Therefore he considers, rightly, that he offers an alternative to Karl Marx's "Capitalism." He suggests a quite different brand of historical inevitability. This is what present-day economists and historians ought to be doing.

Courage is needed to attempt generalization on a vast scale. Lacking it, American economists too often have engaged in meticulous studies of specialized phases of current economic function. The world picture has continued to be dominated by Marx on the one hand and by followers of Adam Smith on the other (recently influenced somewhat by the doctrines of John Maynard Keynes).

Unlike Marx, Rostow does not accept economic determinism *in toto,* though he gives it high importance as a powerful social and political influence. He poses a set of "stages" in national economic development. These, he states, condition the historical evolution of these countries. Industrialization and high economic development (here he leaves Marx behind) cannot escape these stages but can take place under any one of a number of systems, not excluding capitalism or Communism. Ultimately, after passing through an age of high mass consumption, societies will meet the next level, a stage nowhere yet reached save that the United States is now beginning to enter it. This he calls the stage "beyond consumption." Then, relief from the stress of threatening want makes a prime issue the conquest of spiritual stagnation or boredom. This might take the form of having more babies or taking a higher interest in music, the arts, and civilized life. It would be a rough equivalent of the withered state and classless Nirvana promised but not described by Marx. To Rostow this phase is already in sight in America so far as economic capacity can produce it. Movement from stage to stage does not depend on any single political formula Marxian or otherwise.

The argument is worth summarizing. "It is possible to identify all societies, in their economic dimensions, as lying within one of five categories: the traditional society, the pre-conditions for take-off, the take-off, the drive to maturity, and the ages of high mass consumption." Transitions from one to the other involve stress, political as well as economic, and may involve revolution.

"Traditional" societies in effect live under a more or less feudal system, whose production is chiefly agricultural and limited, though it can expand. In them political power lies primarily in the hands of the landowners, and life is not unduly invaded by modern technology.

THE second stage ("pre-conditions for take-off") is one of transition. Dynamic in it is the idea that economic progress is not only possible, but is necessary for some other extraneous purpose "be it national dignity, private profit, general welfare or better life for the children." Institutions rise for mobilizing capital and power; investment increases. There is demand for a centralized state.

Third is the "take-off." Old blocks of resistance to steady growth are overcome. Political institutions encourage production and its increase. Growth is the normal condition and production both absolutely and per individual increases with rapidity. Rostow calls this a "compound interest" reaction; the simile may not be as farfetched as it sounds. In economics the results are revolutionary, and the social and political structures of society are rapidly transformed. This stage began in Great Britain in 1783, in France and the United States about 1830, in Germany about 1850, in Japan about 1875, in Russia and Canada around 1890, in India and in China about 1950. This period lasts from forty to sixty years.

Next comes the drive to maturity. This means capacity to move beyond the original industries which started the industrial take-off (roads, railroads, heavy capital goods) and to turn modern technology to anything (though not everything) the country chooses to produce. At this point a society can do anything it really wants to do.

Following this comes a period (in America the current stage) of "high mass consumption." Further extension of technology continues but is no longer the overriding consideration. Social welfare and security, household luxury, cheap mass automobiles, and the like are its overt aims and results; there may be others. After that—what? The problems of life then become more philosophical than economic. Rostow glances at them—and leaves them to others, possibly philosophers.

In each stage there are common elements quite irrespective of theory. For example, in the take-off stage societies are run by aggressive men who know where they are going, and how to accumulate and use capital. These might be the American tycoons in the nineteenth-century age of the moguls. Or they may be ruthless Lenins or Stalins, as in the take-off period of Russia after 1914. Their real motives are unknown and need more study. Both groups nevertheless are doing, economically, the same thing, though using different tools to do it. They are building a productive machine. In the succeeding stage, that of maturity, the drives change. Power must be diffused, since populations will insist on getting the benefit of the production called into being. So Rostow finds it not surprising that Khrushchev must seek means of distributing goods and decentralizing the production resulting from the Stalinist take-off, as his Russia approaches a stage of maturity.

At this point societies may make choices. They can turn their productivity to any of a number of ends. Capacity of a mature economy may be applied to giving individuals a better economic life. Or it may be directed toward entering a period of international expansion and creation. Its capa-

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bilities may be used for armament, war, or military power. Their war-making potential, in that case, can only be countered by a deterrent balance of power in the hands of other societies. This involves diffusion of military powers. It is not a fact, the author rightly points out, that wars have usually been for markets. More often they are preemptive, intended to prevent an enemy from seizing a threatened position or area strategically needed for defense.

Rostow considers his analysis similar to that of Marx in that it is a conception as to how whole societies evolve from an economic point of view. He accepts as a fact that economic change has social, political, and cultural consequences. But he denies that economic change as a human motive is necessarily dominant; and that group and class interests have been the unique determining force in progression. Economic interests have indeed helped make some wars, though not in the Marxian sense. Rostow and Marx alike believe the economic goal (it will also present a problem) is that of true affluence. And Rostow uses the dynamic theory of production—inflow-outflow measures —rather than mere division between capital and consumption goods, as does Marxian nineteenth-century economics.

One can, and I do, quarrel with a great many specific statements. Practically every paragraph opens a field of argument. The why, the moral or emotional imperatives which cause society to pass from one stage to another, Rostow does not consider his primary business. I should consider them determinative, or at least more dynamic than strictly economic considerations. There is no present proof one way or the other. Again, generalization about stages is difficult because no large society is ever entirely in any one phase, as Rostow recognizes. I should disagree with his statement that there is no evidence that industrial concentration has grown in the United States in the last fifty years, still less that concentration may not be accompanied (or indeed be demanded) by mature economic societies verging on affluence. But these are disputes within rather than against Rostow's central theme. He has done a stunning job. It is impossible to believe that it will not influence policy. Particularly with respect to problems of underdeveloped areas his argument will command undoubted respect.

Here is economic generalization at its far-reaching best. Rostow is entitled to accolade for having attempted it and for brilliantly succeeding in evoking a choate, usable hypothesis. From here on neither university nor popular economics can be taught or debated without taking his analysis into account.

An Economy for Human Needs

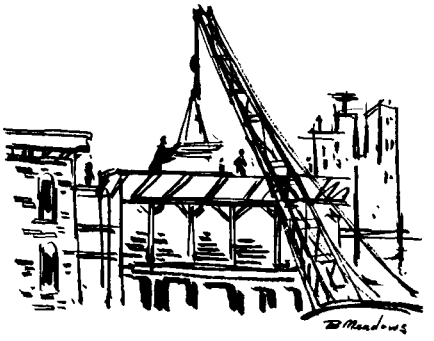
"A Humane Economy: The Social Framework of the Free Market," by Wilhelm Roepke; *translated by Elizabeth Henderson (Regnery. 312 pp. $5), questions whether a society based on centrism and creeping inflation can satisfy the soul. Maurice Feldman, a Vienna-born and -educated economist, has for long been a student of Roepke's writings.*

By Maurice Feldman

SUPERBLY translated from the German by Elizabeth Henderson, this is an able, hard-hitting, and well written account of the century-old conflict between mass society and humanist culture. Wilhelm Roepke has composed a challenging manifesto of economic liberalism based on the hard currency of individual freedom. The author, a former German professor who fled his native land after Hitler took power, has been since 1937 a professor at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva, Switzerland. He and his Austrian-born colleague F. A. Hayek ("The Road to Serfdom") are considered the leading exponents of economic liberalism on the European continent.

In his defense of eggheads Roepke makes a convincing point by demonstrating that the two most successful practical economists on the European continent have been professors. "By adopting the now famous policy of Luigi Einaudi, the Governor of the Bank of Italy and later President of the Republic, who put a professor's knowledge of economics into practice, Italy in 1947 rallied to the nucleus of liberal and anti-inflationary countries and managed to extricate herself from the morass of inflation and economic controls. It was a striking success." Roepke also says that "the really decisive victory in the critical European economic situation was won by Germany in the summer of 1948. Again it was a professor who switched from theory to practice. Ludwig Erhard and his group, stepping into a situation of so-called repressed inflation, which was really nothing less than the stark and complete bankruptcy of inflationary collectivism, countered with a resolute return to the market economy and monetary discipline. What is more, Erhard was unsporting enough to succeed beyond all expectations." Roepke cannot be accused of modesty when he tells in a footnote his own contributions to West Germany's recovery and underscores the final chapter of his book "The Solution of the German Problem," "which [in Roepke's words] diagnoses the economic ailment and prescribes a cure that is more or less the same as the one subsequently adopted."

Roepke sees everywhere danger



signs for the West. In his view, the free world has embarked upon a course that must lead to another mass society, differing only in degrees from collectivism, which, as the author is fully aware, carries a powerful emotional appeal: the masses sheltered and guided from the cradle to the grave. In contrast to it is Roepke's main concern: the human element. He urges the creation of an economic framework fitted to human needs as opposed to the inhumanity of the Communist society.

For him great doubt exists whether a society based on centrism, creeping inflation, government controls, and manipulations can enhance or even preserve the irreplaceable quality of the human soul. What seems shocking and revolting to Roepke is the similarity of some features of both the free and the slave world.

The issue, collectivism versus individual freedom, has been with us for more than a century, according to Roepke. We will not escape it by hailing our own dispirited masses of "consumers" as the "true heirs" of the American dream. Differing from Emerson's expansive vision of tomorrow, Roepke advocates a retrenchment into yesterday. The author believes that it is not the distribution of goods or the lack of it, which matters, but the

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orientation of a civilization that is locked in a vicious circle of mass production and mass consumption, with "built-in obsolescence" and other less subtle psychological blandishments offered to a bloated, superficially varnished and garnished society.

Yes, the West is comfortable; comfortable enough, perhaps, to tempt fate. But if comfort be the aim, if risk, daring, free enterprise are to be as "obsolescent" as last year's car, may not the spark one day go out of our well-oiled machine? Will we then fail to ignite it to action? Will we even recognize the challenge if it should present itself in a guise less alien?

Roepke sees one of the greatest immediate dangers and threats to our freedom in chronic, "controlled" inflation, and he expresses the hope that "Keynes will be recognized as one of the great intellectual ruiners of history —like Rousseau and Marx." He calls for an open market, for a return to the gold standard, for decentrism, for a halt of the wage-price spiral, of all legislation and government regulations which make it possible to manipulate economic, monetary, and social freedoms. At the same time Roepke would like to be counted among the advocates of more welfare in human and individual terms. Foreign aid, he argues very eloquently, should be a matter of give and take, not giveaway.

He cries out his nostalgia at the end of the book:

> Who can imagine nowadays an age like that of the Younger Pitt, when, as he relates, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Great Britain needed no private secretary because the extent of his business did not justify one? Or who can imagine the way of life of Alexander von Humboldt, who could deal by himself with his annual correspondence of about three thousand letters and still remain one of the foremost thinkers of his generation and reached the age of nearly ninety years? We shall not inquire about the simple happiness which is at stake. All that is self-evident. We only have to say this: our centrist civilization, which has become more and more remote from man and the human scale, has reached the point where its own continued existence is at stake.

This may or may not be considered relevant in an age that has generated technological problems and population pressures that were nonexistent for bygone generations. Nevertheless, the study is timely. Its real usefulness is to remind those whose scale of values might become warped by the threat of nuclear warfare that it is not too late to pursue a way of life in which the individual is held inviolate.

The Surfside of Sodom

***"The Breakwater," by George Mandel** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 400 pp. $4.95), revisits the tumultuous carnival world of Coney Island during the years of the Depression. David Boroff, who teaches English at Brooklyn College, frequently comments on American life and literature in various magazines.*

By David Boroff

FOR NEW YORK CITY dwellers, Coney Island is the dream country of one's childhood—compounded of joy and nightmare. And few visitors have not felt their curiosity tugged by the local people squatting harshly behind roller coaster and hot dog stand—a sour community living off avid brigades of pleasure-seekers. In the summer their backyards are turned into daytime barracks; here the crowds, disgorged by the subways, change their clothes in rented bathhouses before they march to the beach. In the winter the area is stricken, tightly shuttered, a playground abandoned.

Coney Island has now been assimilated into the world of the imagination. George Mandel, a painter and author of "Flee the Angry Strangers," has written a sprawling, chaotic account of Coney Island in the gray weather of Depression. The year is

George Mandel—"has written a sprawling, chaotic account of Coney Island."

1939, with war in Europe and the daily battle of the sidewalks setting up an antiphony of dread and impending violence.

Zale Rakusin is a young man who meets life with clenched fists. He has the kind of stubborn, uncompromising integrity that invariably leads to disaster. He bears the scar of an early sexual adventure with Molly Klug, for her young brother, stung by the knowledge of her all-too-willing flesh, is driven to suicide. Zale banishes from his mother's bed her gentle lover, Daniel Wilensky, a furrier with a penchant for Marxism, whom death soon claims. Zale's sister flees in horror from the unbridled fury of her brother's principles. With the help of Nannio, his tough-muscled Italian friend, he outfaces the perils of the summer streets. And around every corner is Rector, the avuncular detective, as much Zale's conscience as his pursuer.

The tight, tense world of Coney Island boils up when Zale uses his fists to get money which is rightfully his. From then on, violence mounts in a hysterical crescendo. Zale is indestructible. He survives beatings and assaults by knife only to prowl the streets in search of death—whether his own or others' we are never sure. But gun in hand, he is also a tormented seeker after truth—an existentialist thug stalking large affirmations about life and mortality. In the end, after scenes of almost apocalyptic violence, Rakusin finds surcease in the ocean, whose waters girdle the clamorous island in silence.

Coney Island was indeed the scene of a tumultuous drama during the Thirties. Here, huddled against the sea, was a last outpost of Communists, racketeers, and, above all, Jews without money. A self-enclosed universe of pain, it was far removed from the distant provinces of Flatbush and the Bronx. Even adjoining Sea-Gate, with its big homes and orderly trees, had high gates to keep Coney Islanders out from its green-lawned Arcadia. And mocking the desperate struggle for existence was the papier-mâché giddiness of the Island. George Mandel captures some of this: the Mardi Gras scene, with Zale hunting down his enemies through the blare and clatter of floats, is sheer surrealist nightmare. His description of the young men, eyes cocked for the

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police, illegally selling ice cream on the beach evokes the bleak climate of the time.

Unfortunately, this novel has overreached itself. What might have been vivid social portraiture turns out to be bad poetry. "The Breakwater" almost collapses under the weight of its murky and incoherent symbolism and its doom-haunted characters. Moreover, the prose is opaque, with runaway sentences, ill-considered images, and indigestible clots of words. The reader has to climb over the language to get at the meaning. Intensity is piled upon intensity without modulation and order.

Nevertheless, Coney Island, "a gaudy Sodom of screeching roller coasters and raucous barkers and morbidly joyless fun houses," shines darkly and triumphantly through the shapeless story and windy philosophizing.

From Proscenium to Plantation

"The Ardent Years," by Janet Stevenson *(Viking. 374 pp. $4.95), portrays in fiction the life of Fanny Kemble, whose love was divided between a Southern aristocrat and the English stage. Joanna Richardson has written biographies of such nineteenth-century personages as Theophile Gautier and the actress Rachel.*

By Joanna Richardson

FRANCES ANNE, better known as Fanny, Kemble was born in 1809 into the plush-and-tinsel world of the theatre. Like Eleonora Duse, half a century later, who was taken to her christening in a property box, Fanny Kemble belonged, from the first, to the stage. Her father was Charles Kemble, the Shakespearean actor; her aunt was Sarah Siddons, the queen of actresses. It was almost inevitable that, on October 25, 1829, Fanny should make her début as Juliet, and follow it with triumphant performances of Portia, Beatrice, and Lady Teazle. Three years after her début she went to America, and there, in 1834, she married Pierce Butler, a Southern planter. They had two daughters, divorced fifteen years later, and Fanny (who had already returned to the stage) went back in 1877 to England, where she became a figure in London society. She wrote plays, travel books, and delightful reminiscences, and her readings established her as the forerunner of the modern *diseuse*. She died, after a long lifetime, in 1893.

The story of Fanny Kemble is the familiar one of a woman torn between family and career, between the love of her husband and an abiding passion for the theatre. It is also a story of England and America, the Old World and the New, the story of a woman who made the dreadful discovery that her husband kept slaves on his Southern plantations. This knowledge shocked Fanny Kemble deeply; it stirred not only her humanity but her very love for Pierce Butler. She could not reconcile herself to such ways.

It is the history of her marriage, with all its stresses, that Mrs. Stevenson tells in "The Ardent Years." The book begins with Fanny's stage début as a girl of nineteen and ends with Fanny's performance as a woman of fifty. In between these two public appearances lies a private world: the intense courtship, the many passions and problems of married life, and the sad disintegration of the Butler marriage.

Such a theme demands a large canvas; and Mrs. Stevenson has filled her picture with portraits of celebrities (Mrs. Siddons, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Shelley's Edward Trelawny), and with portraits of Fanny's family and friends. She takes us from London (though here the color is not especially vivid) to Charleston. She gives us a strong likeness of Pierce Butler: handsome, eager, civilized, elegant, and of Fanny herself. What a charming, impulsive, nervous, generous creature she was! No wonder that Edward Fitzgerald wrote her some of his most engaging letters, and signed himself "her ancient and loyal subject."

Janet Stevenson—"less an account of an actress than of a woman."

Books about actresses are all apt to be the same: a catalogue of performances, a list of tours, bouquets, and criticisms, varied, perhaps, with a few spectacular love affairs. "The Ardent Years" escapes this pattern, for it is less an account of an actress than of a woman. Though I could not admire Mrs. Stevenson's style of writing, though I constantly waited for the storm and ardor I was promised, though there was no consuming passion to sweep through nearly 400 pages, yet I did quite enjoy this book. Through her evident and abundant affection for her subject, the author has provided a lively portrait of an unusual nineteenth-century woman.

ONLY A ROSE: For forty years Robert Nathan has been writing lovely lyrics and beautiful prose. It is his misfortune to have been doing so during a period in which obscurity has been more highly prized than loveliness in verse, and vigor — even violence — rated above beauty in prose. As a result his poems have made their way into comparatively few anthologies, and his name has seldom appeared in critical studies of contemporary fiction. But he has had the satisfaction of steadily cultivating his garden in his unique way, cultivating it with a style that, having matured early, has perfectly served his purposes through the years; and he has had the pleasure of knowing that the fruits and flowers of this garden have been valued by a group of admirers, not large but faithful.

These admirers should be well pleased by **"The Color of Evening"** (Knopf, $3.50), which tells the story of Max Loeb, a painter in his sixties; Halys, an appealing waif who comes out of the night to share his Santa Monica studio, but not his bed; Jon, Max's gifted young pupil, and Max's landlady, Mrs. Bloemendal, *une femme d'un certain age*, whose substantial merits the artist is slow to appreciate.

At sixty-six Mr. Nathan writes with the accents that were his at twenty-six. A philosopher who has long brooded gently over the great mystery of man and his life upon earth, he has spoken through a succession of meditative characters, of whom Mr. Jeminy of "Autumn" (1920) was the first, and Max Loeb is the latest. Indeed, the even tenor of his literary career would seem to contradict the title of his first book of poems, "Youth Grows Old." It would appear that youth can, sometimes, endure. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Should the President Travel?

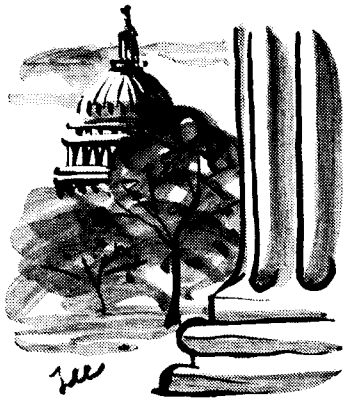
THIS is written in respectful disagreement with one of our contributing editors, Mr. Theodore H. White, the author of *SR*'s department, "Perspective/1960."

Last week, Mr. White expressed considerable uneasiness over President Eisenhower's various foreign missions. He felt that it is a myth, and perhaps a dangerous one, to believe that the American case before the world is advanced by personal traveling, diplomacy on such a high level or that the President is our ablest bargaining agent whose "presence abroad automatically expresses American goodwill." He advanced the view that the Presidency calls for a headquarters exercise of responsibility: "It is a job performed best in Washington, not in competition with other wandering road salesmen of state."

Mr. White's column was written in an atmosphere filled with the debris of the Tokyo riots and the resultant cancellation of the President's trip to Japan. Since Mr. White did not oppose the President's various other trips to Asia, Europe, and South America at the time they took place, it seems clear that his analysis is mainly the result of the Japanese debacle. It is in order, therefore, to consider what went right earlier elsewhere and what went wrong in Japan.

When President Eisenhower embarked on his amity expeditions early this year, it was in the context of a radically different situation from that obtaining last month. The atmosphere earlier this year was one of great anticipations in the world about the peace. The President had committed his vast personal popularity to the creation of an improved world climate in which fundamental peace-building measures might be possible. Moreover, he was undertaking the trips for reasons of reciprocity. For example, both Prime Minister Nehru and Prime Minister Kishi had previously come to Washington, had reached understanding on certain pivotal issues, had been enthusiastically received by the American people, and had left for home with the assurance that the President would return the visit.

The President's trip to India had far greater significance than merely the personal appearance of an American chief of state in a populous Asian country. In the words of Mr. Nehru, a mammoth will to peace was rising in the world and the President had become a symbol of these hopes. No one knows how many millions of people



came out to see and cheer the President on his trip to India and Pakistan but it was clear that the journey had created a fund of good will of historic significance and value.

Equally vital, perhaps, was the fact that a President of the United States was able to witness for himself some of the prime facts of life about the majority of the world's peoples. No education for an American, whatever his station, is complete in today's world unless he has had direct exposure to what is happening in Asia and Africa. Indeed, a chance to observe the preponderance of the human commonwealth at first hand ought to be part of the duties of the American Chief of State. In any event, the President returned from Asia with a strengthened awareness of the issues that govern the lives of most of the people who inhabit the planet; and that was all to the good.

Now we come to the Japanese trip. The trouble here was not that there was anything inherently wrong with a journey to Japan by an American President. The trouble was that a new situation had arisen, the arithmetic of which Washington had not adequately appreciated or pondered. The symbol of the President as world peacemaker had been jolted, thanks to the shortsightedness of those who were responsible for the U-2 incident. In fact, the general standing and prestige of the United States, its persuasive power, and its role as a prime source of stability had been severely and tragically diminished.

THE men who were responsible for the U-2 had taken a dangerously narrow view of American security. They had ignored the non-military factors that were even more important to the national safety than stockpiles of nuclear weapons or photographs of missile sites of a potential enemy. By failing to see the world whole and all the vital parts that belong to it, and by creating an impression of arrogance and unconcern about world public opinion, the men behind the U-2 flight paradoxically weakened the very security they were trying to protect. The direct result of the U-2 episode was to make vulnerable the future existence of American airfields and military bases abroad, especially in the Middle East and Asia. Military bases in other countries cannot be operated without the support of the governments involved; and governments cannot always operate in total disregard of what their people think.

The Tokyo riots did not occur in a vacuum. And we are short-changing

(*Continued on page* 31)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ALTERNATIVE TO FEAR

MAY I COMMENT on Christopher Z. Hobson's letter [*SR*, June 1]?

Certainly, anyone with even a modicum of intelligence and awareness can't help being concerned about the possibility of an atomic war and the loss of life and destruction of civilization it would surely bring. Admittedly, it is neither comforting nor encouraging to realize that man now has the ability to devastate this planet or (to add still another happy thought) to breed himself out of house and home. And he may well be stupid enough to do either one.

At the same time, living in a constant state of fear about a death that might be is morbid, stupid, and cowardly. In addition, it defeats any possibility of working effectively to bring some measure of sense and understanding into this world, because fear and cowardice produce only defeat.

Some few years ago quite a number of us were shipped off to fight a war. I was twenty-five at the time, but there were thousands who, like Mr. Hobson, were under twenty. Damn few of us were ready to fall down and die of old age at that time, but quite a few died anyway—ready or not.

I'm sure that most of us were scared as hell at one time or another. I know that I was on a couple of occasions. Yet, as far as I could observe, none of us spent our entire period of service in a state of congealed, morbid fear of death—if only because we were far more interested in living.

I have no desire to hold up my generation as a shining example of bravery or intelligence, since we're responsible for our full share of asininities. Still, I think Mr. Hobson and his friends would be well advised to concern themselves first with the manner in which they will conduct their lives *before* they devote their remaining years to planning their funerals.

ROBERT B. RICHMAN.

West Hartford, Conn.

ON THE ALERT

Your MEMORABLE pre-summit editorial, "The Vital Fraction" [*SR*, May 21] challenged our shortsighted power policies.

So numb is our feeling, so muddled our thinking, and so feeble our moral vigor that the meaning of the alert which occurred on May 15 was scarcely followed up in the press, on the Hill, or in the Administration.

On the night before the summit meeting was supposed to start, we had a worldwide combat alert. Many reasons have been given for the need of alerts, even one on the summit-eve alert was termed "routine." The reason, handed out officially in Washington, was "to show American firmness during the crisis atmosphere in Paris." It might well have led the Russians to believe that a major surprise attack on them was to be expected, and it might have offered a free hand to their worst advocates of pre-emptive warfare.

In terms of direct human relations the final meaning of an alert of our strategic forces is a simple threat, a readiness to wipe out whatever military or political expediency "dictates"—and that means children and innocent people too. Let us not kid ourselves, the radioactive waste left behind will play hell with the living and those yet unborn.

We are told that the nuclear deterrent "protects" us. But we have yet to find any kind of proof that a ghastly spiraling arms race—and, in particular, the present nuclear arms race, spiced with alerts—will keep the peace.

HERBERT JEHLE,
Physics Department,
George Washington University.

Washington, D.C.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"We've arranged for you to make a good will tour of the neighboring tribes and check on these rumors about cannibals."

THREE YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

SILENCE IN THE OUTPOURINGS of literary men is always striking, mysterious, and tantalizing, and when Granville Hicks in his review of "The Letters of Herman Melville" [*SR*, June 18] brings up the point of Melville's letter writing hiatus between 1841 and 1844, he sounds an interesting note. It occurs to me, however, that Melville's absence of correspondence throughout this period is not too unusual under the circumstances.

Between 1841 and 1844, Melville went down to sea. A "simple sailor" in the 1840s endured the most hideous oppressions and exploitations, whether aboard a private whaler like the *Acushnet* or a U.S. Navy frigate. The sailor endured the most barbaric hardships, overexposure, overexertion, whippings, and indignities for which there were no redress. It is small wonder if, under these circumstances, Melville would have had either the time or the inclination for much letter writing. It is hardly likely that this gentle, sensitive soul, being forced to view man's inhumanity to man from such dismal quarters as the forecastles of American vessels of that period, would have had much propensity for correspondence.

MARJORIE B. PLASTINA.

Niantic, Conn.

RX FOR "OMNISTRAIN"

IN "SURCEASE FOR CAESARS" [*SR*, May 21] Nicholas Samstag gives us a cogent diagnosis of a widely prevalent malady called "omnistrain." His remedy, however, shows remnants of the disorder he wishes to alleviate.

Finding himself overloaded with ambitions that only lead to higher ambitions, which only leaves him nowhere, Mr. Samstag has attempted to step outside himself, and has realized the futility of "living" in order to be able to live at some never-reached future date. He has reordered his sense of values so that relaxation is one of his major goals. Here is where he still shows signs of his former ambitiousness though, for he still is counseling the *pursuit* of relaxation. He would do well to take his own advice and examine the Oriental way of life, especially Zen Buddhism, but more fully than he has. There he will find that one cannot grasp for happiness. Serenity can come, but not if it is specifically sought after.

The pursuit of happiness can be just as frantic a rat race as the pursuit of power or glory.

ARTHUR H. ROGERS, Ph. D.,
Clinical Psychologist.

Quincy, Ill.

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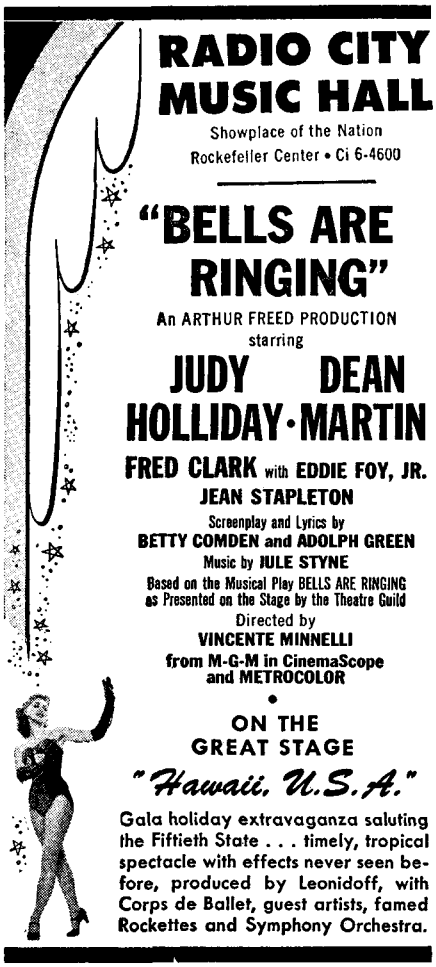
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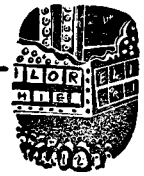

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

One Down, Two Up

FACED WITH the problem of how to make beatniks palatable to the squares, who, after all, buy most of the movie tickets, Arthur Freed has produced "**The Subterraneans**" much as he does his musicals—with a free use of lively color, lots of lovable people, and with Leslie Caron. The trouble, I suspect, is that he didn't go all the way, and add the song and dance numbers. Miss Caron wanders sadly and wistfully around without a dance to step to, or a song to sing. The potential production numbers are there, the crowds all but choreographed, André Previn is even among those present, so is Jerry Mulligan, but all they provide is background music for an unsuccessful novelist in search of meaning and a girl in search of herself. They merely find each other, they fall in love, they get married—an unhappy ending if ever there was one.

I, for one, am still not convinced that the beats exist. They may, like The Rat Pack of Hollywood Hills, have been invented by *Life* magazine, or by some enterprising coffee shop owners. Mr. Freed was perfectly right to treat them as one of the more unpleasantly romantic myths of our time. Their very unreality (luckily, Jack Kerouac's book was not followed to any lucid degree) adds to their charm. The giddy young folk of the movie—with names like Mardou, Roxanne, Leo Percepied, Yuri Gilgoric, and Arial Lavalerra—write, paint, free and freely associate, posture, and beat their breasts in true light-opera style, but they don't get anywhere: the score and lyrics are missing.

In spite of this, Miss Caron manages to steal a show for herself. She has the right elfin touch, she is properly pathetic, she, in other words, suits her style to her material. Roddy McDowall as an incorrigible beatnik who sleeps standing up is also true to the spirit of the piece. Arte Johnson turns in a neat, studied parody of a homosexual novelist whose fragile works invariably sell to the movies. As Leo Percepied, the writer in search of meaning, George Peppard is less adaptable to Mr. Freed's style. He insists on playing it straight, as does Janice Rule, who is unintentionally comic in white, garish makeup and intones her lines as though they were written by Tennessee Williams. The unfortunate enterprise, directed by Ranald MacDougall, seems to have been sadly in need of Comden and Green, and Jule Styne. If Mr. Freed had had the foresight to hire them he might have come up with the best musical of the year.

As a result, that distinction is probably going to go to "**Bells Are Ringing,**" in which the lively presences of Adolph Green, Betty Comden, and Jule Styne are felt throughout. Mr. Freed is again in full flower as the producer; Vincente Minnelli is fully at home as the director. "Bells Are Ringing" details the adventures of an all too willing and helpful answering-service operator who can't help getting muddled up in the lives of her clients. Judy Holliday repeats her Broadway role with verve and artistry, Dean Martin is casual and unassuming as a playwright in need of rescue, Eddie Foy, Jr., is filled with bluster as the bookie who uses the answering-service premises as a respectable front. If the story thins out at moments, the inventiveness never does. The mountings are modest but tasteful, production numbers have ease and freshness, and show-stoppers abound. Comden and Green have written some fresh material, while dropping a couple of songs from the stage version, and they have worked magic in their adaptation, so that we get little sense of transplanting from one medium to another. Everyone involved deserves compliments for putting on a fine show.

IS THERE to be no end to the procession of funny movies from England? "**School for Scoundrels**" is the latest and one of the funniest, as might be expected in view of its being based on such Stephen Potter books as "Gamesmanship," "Lifemanship," and "One-upmanship." Interpreting the precepts in these volumes are such delightful English actors as Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. It is Ian Carmichael as a "one-downer" who learns how to be a "one-upper." From a man who can be sold an ancient sports car by unscrupulous auto dealers, who consistently loses at tennis and love, he turns into a man who can sell back that same automobile, gaining a new sports car in the deal, who wins over the madly smiling Terry-Thomas at tennis simply by trusting the principles of gamesmanship, and who is saved from seducing a pretty girl only by the accident of falling in love. Alastair Sim is the perfect teacher; all one-downers can absorb his lesson in "School for Scoundrels" with profit and pleasure.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Necromanticks

AT THE END of last summer the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy seemed finally to be on the verge of health. But in its new season it has suffered a relapse with a smothered "Twelfth Night" and an only occasionally breathing production of "The Tempest."

Probably nothing could have saved "Twelfth Night" after the initial decision to star Katharine Hepburn in the role of Viola. For Miss Hepburn's apparently unalterable stage personality is a mixture of coyness and schoolgirlish surprise that sex exists even for well-bred young ladies. Thus she misses the wonderful fun of a girl pretending to be a boy when she tries to be fetching rather than masculinely brusque. She kills the humor of "If God did all" by making it a calculated retort rather than a spontaneous slip of the tongue.

Add to this inadequacy a flat Malvolio and an unfunny Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, and there's not much left to appreciate except the scenery, which is disastrously conspicuous. In accepting Rouben Ter-Arutunian's giant dome of floating potato chips which surrounds the entire stage, it evidently never occurred to anyone that it might be distracting to play in front of a thousand golden-toasted Rorschach tests, each of which reflects as much light as the face of an actor.

Director Jack Landau's notion of playing "Twelfth Night" as a sort of Illyrian Pinafore is not as indefensible as is his self-conscious habit of giving actors silly things to do for no good reason. When servants meet they immediately play Pease Porridge Hot with each other. And when the actors gesture it is usually to make sure that we get the meaning of some extraordinarily obscure word like "shoe" or "me."

The second production, "The Tempest," also had to begin with the distracting dome. And it had the additional difficulty of doing justice to a play that defies actors to match its quality. Full of serene and beautiful language and lovely images, it can either cast a spell or put us to sleep. This production does a little of both, never quite making up its mind whether it believes either in the magical world of the enchanted isle, or in the non-magical world of usurping Italian dukes.

Director William Ball has chosen to treat Prospero's necromancy with gentle kidding. Thus when Ariel causes a sword to fly from someone's hand, he adopts a ho-hum attitude and taking the sword in his hands zigzags it to the ground to simulate the actual fall. And the visions make no attempt at an illusion of appearing out of the ether. On the other hand the play's real-life villainy often emerges as blunt and heavy melodrama.

But if Mr. Ball doesn't believe in magic or villainy, he does trust in such provable miracles as love at first sight and compassion, so that at least two very nice moments do throw the play into gear. The first is the love scene between the chained Ferdinand and the lovesick Miranda in which performers John Ragin and Joyce Ebert really make the absurdly romantic lines work simply by filling them with honestly felt emotion towards each other. And the second comes near the end of the play when Morris Carnovsky, who has been drawing Prospero as a stern patriarch, suddenly learns the quality of mercy from Ariel. Mr. Carnovsky shares with us his sense of shame and a resultantly miraculous new-found state of wisdom and well-being.

Mr. Ball has also taken a first step towards reforming the company's tendency towards pure silliness by persuading William Hickey who plays Trinculo to abandon some of his Jerry Lewis antics to get more genuine laughs from some underplayed sensible comments. If you must attend Shakespeareland, U.S.A., choose "The Tempest."

PROVING that not all theatre from Connecticut is doomed is the current Off-Broadway production of Stephen Vincent Benet's "John Brown's Body," which originated at the Yale Drama Department. Curtis Canfield's production is finely disciplined but at the same time yields frequently to the emotional currents in the poetry. And Angela Wood, who snaps into a number of special characters with fulness of feeling and with humor, is my summer book favorite for the most promising actress of the 1960-61 season.

—HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"O SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG!"

Here are the first lines of a score of familiar hymns, and alongside them are the names of their authors. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, asks you to assign the correct hymns to the correct hymnists. Answers on page 30.

1.	A mighty fortress is our God	( ) Joseph Addison
2.	Abide with me: fast falls the eventide	( ) Sir John Bowring
3.	Creator Spirit, by whose aid	( ) Bishop Phillips Brooks
4.	Dear Lord and Father of mankind	( ) Phoebe Cary
5.	Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!	( ) William Cowper
6.	Holy Spirit, Truth divine	( ) John Dryden
7.	I love thy kingdom, Lord	( ) Timothy Dwight
8.	Jesus, lover of my soul	( ) Bishop Reginald Heber
9.	Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	( ) Francis Scott Key
10.	Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee	( ) Samuel Longfellow
11.	O day of rest and gladness	( ) Martin Luther
12.	O for a closer walk with God	( ) Henry Francis Lyte
13.	O God, our help in ages past	( ) Cardinal John Henry Newman
14.	O little town of Bethlehem	( ) Nahum Tate
15.	One sweetly solemn thought	( ) Alfred, Lord Tennyson
16.	Rock of ages, cleft for me	( ) Augustus M. Toplady
17.	Sunset and evening star	( ) Isaac Watts
18.	The spacious firmament on high	( ) Charles Wesley
19.	Watchman, tell us of the night	( ) John Greenleaf Whittier
20.	While shepherds watched their flocks by night	( ) Christopher Wordsworth

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Smellin' the Vanilla

JUST THE OTHER spring day when the peach blossoms and the dogwood were on the wane at home I was walking under the flamboyant trees along the Quai Bir-Hakeim, far to the south in Tahiti, and preparing to board a little boat bound for Moorea, a great bulk of mountain and mystery that looms twelve miles offshore like an unquenchable desire. The boat pitched and tossed and the helmsman, who wore a straw hat with flowers at the band, smoked a cigarette and steered the tiller with his toes. We passed the time, which was nearly two hours, riding the Pacific hills and talking of paradises we had known and beaches of powdered sugar in faraway places, and of other lives in other lands that we would someday like to live but never will.

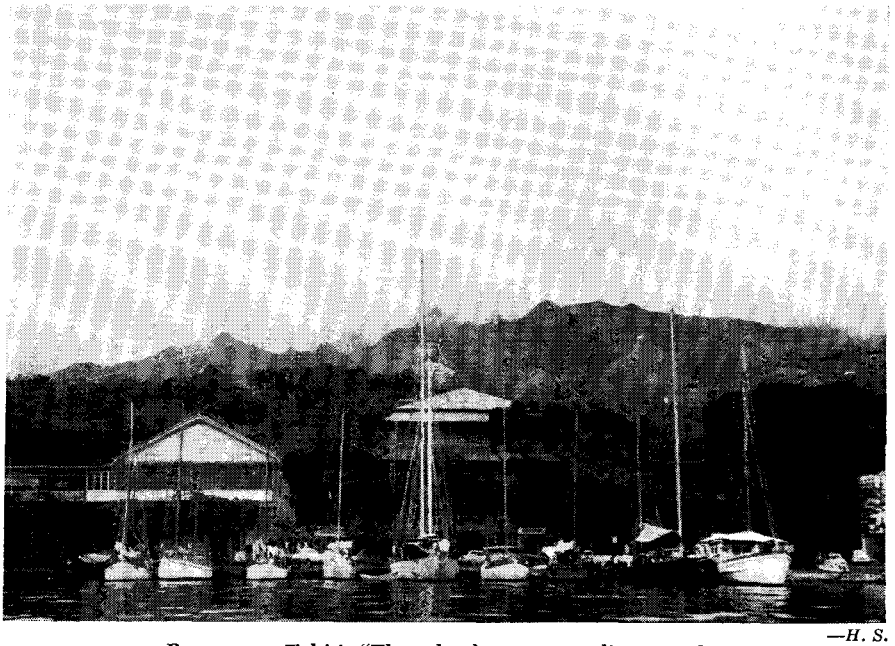
We were not yet out of dreams when we came up along the reef outside Moorea, found the doorway and slipped inside. Rounding the curve into Cook's Bay, which is named for Captain James, is rather like steaming into a Norwegian fjord with the mountains rising sheer out of the sea like cathedral walls up from the nave. Deep we came, and now the peaks were jagged and moss covered, like green fire. Tiny *pirogues* came out from the wooden dock at the Hotel Aimeo to greet us. It was staged, but it was beautiful, the girls in pareus and the men in flowered loin cloths. The music of the strings skipped over the water and cushioned the chugging of our asthmatic motor as we eased in towards shore. There in a grassy clearing lay the Aimeo, an enclave for the traveler in Moorea's 26,000 acres, about as perfect an approximation of a South Sea idyll as man and nature working in collusion could ever make. In the dark shade of the thatch stood a cool bar, and there was a long house with shaded seats looking out to the grass lawns that led to the beach where French ladies sunned themselves in minuscule Bikinis. The surf roared somewhere beyond the reef and wild ducks swooped overhead as full of nervous chatter as housewives at a church social threatened by rain. The clouds were more quiet, buzzing the peaks as noiselessly as a glider.

We drank Hinano, the Tahitian beer named for a flower, ate a lunch worthy of an *auberge* in Burgundy, and then boarded the omnipresent truck, French Polynesia's idea of a bus, for a trip around the island. At a homestead by the sea, pigs rooted among the breadfruit and the bananas, and there was a bench of *mara* wood, shaped like an animal, on which to grate the coconut. There was a low-walled shower, the pipes supplied by the Marshall Plan bringing the water from the mountain streams. It was a new convenience that eliminated the old bathing *klatches* when the villagers came to wash in the stream each day at three and exchange tidbits of scandal like senators in a Roman bath. The men still fish each night and return in the day to work with the long knife. The knife will build a house or open a coconut. It will strip a frond to make a basket to hold a flower. It will cut pandanus to weave a wall and slice bamboo to make a pipe. And there by the beach there was plenty of sand to pave a floor.

Down a green-bordered path croton leaves erupted in wild displays like a fireworks-fountain. Purple *maa papa* grew like dotted Swiss amid the green and now and then the white *pipi tatahi*, the flower-from-the-shore. Green grass called sensative shrinks from the touch, but natives call it "liar" in Tahitian because it plays dead only to spring to life. Fifty yards from this Pacific bosk we watched the black fin of a shark cut widening circles in the still lagoon.

A valley lined with the green of coffee and vanilla plantations leads to the tiny village of Paopao, scattered along the head of Cook's Bay. From the Hotel Aimeo you can see St. Therese's tiny wooden church, a Catholic outpost in predominantly Protestant Moorea. Catholic missionaries introduced their religion to natives from the Tuamotus, and at war's end the priest was given an old plantation house. He tore it down and built a chapel and then called upon a Swedish painter named Pierre Heyman to do a mural. Heyman was agreeable if someone could find him the paint, then in short supply. Search parties were sent out on horseback and they eventually brought back an assortment of colors left over from houses and boats. Heyman painted for a month while the villagers fed him, and when he was through he created a painting and a near-revolution in Tahiti. The Virgin Mary seated on the wooden bench ordinarily reserved for royalty, is painted as a Polynesian and so is the angel. The sharp peaks that rise behind them is unmistakably Moorea and not Bethlehem. When it was done, a nervous letter was dispatched to the late Pope Pius XII describing what had transpired. But the Holy Father ruled that the painting had been created in the Catholic faith, and so it remains today, an oddity and a masterpiece. But with the hurdle overcome a new one has arisen, for there is a new Catholic missionary and he wants to enlarge the church. Successful proselytizing may in the end destroy Heyman's handwork.

Vanilla beans grow along the main street in Paopao, and in a shed alongside the Chinese general store workers sit on the floor sorting through the



—*H. S.*

Return to Tahiti—"The clouds were settling in the green hills above the town like scowling brows."

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mountain of beans, some green, some dried and brown and as redolent as a farm kitchen on baking day. Two pounds of dried vanilla bean is worth nearly four dollars, and beans are sold at retail at twelve cents a stick, but in spite of its value, raising and dealing in vanilla, a favorite of the local Chinese, is a chancy business. The vanilla plant has suckers and grows well on wood. It was a practice in the early days to plant vanilla in virgin forests, but such virgin lands are scarce, even in Moorea. The plant grows in two weeks and at the end of the first year the flowers arrive, opening at eight in the morning and closing by two in the afternoon. They must be pollinated by hand and the hand that does the work must open two pockets to deposit the pollen properly. One post may have as many as one hundred flowers growing on it, and, there being no bees, an industrious and dexterous girl must bring the pollen to 4,000 flowers a day.

WHEN vanilla was first introduced from Madagascar a hundred years ago the Polynesians were too lazy to pollinate the plants by hand. The problem was dumped in the committee rooms of the French functionaries who thought: a vanilla plant has two pistils which must be opened. A wasp has one stinger which could penetrate both pistils. Therefore we will introduce the wasp. The wasps came and in Maytime they roamed the island in marauding swarms. They bored holes in the papayas and they bored holes in the Tahitians, but they failed miserably when it came to pollinating the vanilla. The French functionaries met again and they thought: We must introduce something to eat the wasp, and so they imported the mynah birds. But the mynah birds ate the papayas too, and also the bananas and the beautiful vanilla flowers which look like orchids. But they shunned the diet of wasps. So the French functionaries met once more and agreed to introduce the hawk which would eliminate the mynah birds. But the mynah birds proved too clever for the hawks who preferred the local chickens anyway, and now the government pays a bounty on hawks and the populace is seeking to introduce something that will prey on government functionaries.

The Chinese vanilla merchants buy the crops at auction, but since it takes six or nine months to process the bean a dealer can win or lose a fortune depending upon the price of the market when the crop is matured. At that, vanilla, which is the third most important produce of French Polynesia, relies wholly on how things are in Madagascar and La Réunion which are the primary producers. If the crop falters there, then there is liable to be joy in Moorea.

Now the French at last are encouraging tourism to supplement the economy of these far-flung islands, and T.A.I., a private French airline, is already sending one plane a week to Bora Bora with connections by flying boat to Tahiti. By this fall the new airport will be ready on Tahiti and the planes will land directly. Next spring or summer the jets will begin flying both by way of Honolulu and direct nonstop from Los Angeles. Then as the tempo increases in Papeete, Moorea will become the retreat. The Aimeo with its twelve rooms, all with bath, will be increased to twenty rooms. The rate will rise to $30 for two persons per day. There will be swimming in Cook's Bay under the spires of the Tohivea, Rotui, and Moua Puta, the peaks that rise nearly 3,000 feet above the sea. There will be French meals under the thatch roof, and excursions around the island, and at night the frenzied dancing at the village of Temae.

We went one night to Temae, bouncing over the plantation roads in the inevitable truck, and when we arrived at last the villagers burst the blackness with flaming coconut fronds. The drums began, furious and incessant, and the troupe of forty-five men and women in shining white grass skirts danced the *otea* and the *aparima*, now primal and very nearly clinical, now soft and narrative depicting the migratory voyages of the Polynesian people as they coursed their way from the islands of the East Indies to their homes in the South Pacific.

THE Pacific wasn't very friendly the next morning when we slipped away from the Aimeo's dock. Once beyond the barrier reef we writhed frighteningly on the swells, and the empty beer bottles going back to Papeete had to be brought down from topside to give us more center weight. A young bearded American emigré of fortune, so dashing and so full of adventure as we chugged along behind the reef, was most frequently to the rail as we rode along now naked to the sea. I stretched out atop the beer bottles and waited for the end. It took a fearsome two hours, but Papeete showed up before disaster, much to my disbelief. We came inside the arms of Tahiti's reef, and the clouds were settling in the green hills above the town like scowling brows. The ever-present yachts were tied up as usual at the edge of the shore road as inevitable as hansom cabs along the south fringe of Central Park. Kids were clustered around the soda pop stand but the *patronne* in her white dress sat, implacable as a Buddha and twice as ample, her pigtails running down her shoulder and her enormous beam covering the bench, was nothing if not remindful of the *nourriture* inherent in taro, breadfruit, the wild banana, and the purple and yellow sweet potato, not to mention the lovely indolence of the life there in the shade of the flamboyant trees. —HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the last of three articles on French Polynesia.)

TRAVELERS' TALES

A selection of books in aid of the summer voyager
(continued next week)

CAMPING AND MOTORING IN EUROPE, by Paul and Grace Witte. *Amity Tours.* $4.50.
The bulk of the book is a diary of a trip through Europe, bedding down at night at camp sites. Angled this way it will prove of nearly exclusive interest to those embarking on a similar project. But the meat and potatoes come in a special supplement in the back, which discourses on equipment, addresses, recommended camps, and maps.

TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE, by Myra Waldo. *Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $5.95.*
Another entry in the guide book sweepstakes, this one by Pan American's cooking expert, who has sopped up a lot of travel information along with the sauce. The prose is straightforward and, as one might expect, there is a strong accent on the gustatory. Lots of drives and what to find en route in each chapter plus some extra intelligence such as how to play roulette and the schedule of steamer service in Italy.

DELAPLANE IN MEXICO, by Stanton Delaplane and Robert de Roos. *Coward-McCann. $3.95.*
Mr. Delaplane is a sort of Joe Cook with a typewriter who writes a syndicated column on thoughts and travel and what life is like with his daughter. This is a collection of columns on what life is like if you are Delaplane in Mexico, all done in quick takes. When you are through laughing you might have learned something in the bargain.

MENU PASSPORT, by Bunnell-Crum. *Enterprise. $4.*
Not a book, but available in bookstores and just about the most valuable possession after the State Dept.'s own passport. A collection of cards printed with translations of what and how to order in all the languages of Europe except maybe Schweizerdeutsch. There is even an American translation of what is

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liable to show up on an *English* menu.

How to Travel Without Being Rich, by William Strong and A. Milton Runyon. *Doubleday.* $3.95.
A reissue after twenty years timed, it says on the jacket, for the jet age. The section on air travel tells how to go around the world for $1,920, how to earn a free trip by air and get bargains in coaches. The strong suit, however, is freighter travel, which goes on despite t he jet age. Lots of economy tips on travel in Europe and the Pacific with a few short notes on how to get on the track that's not beaten.

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Perspective '60

(*Continued from page* 5)

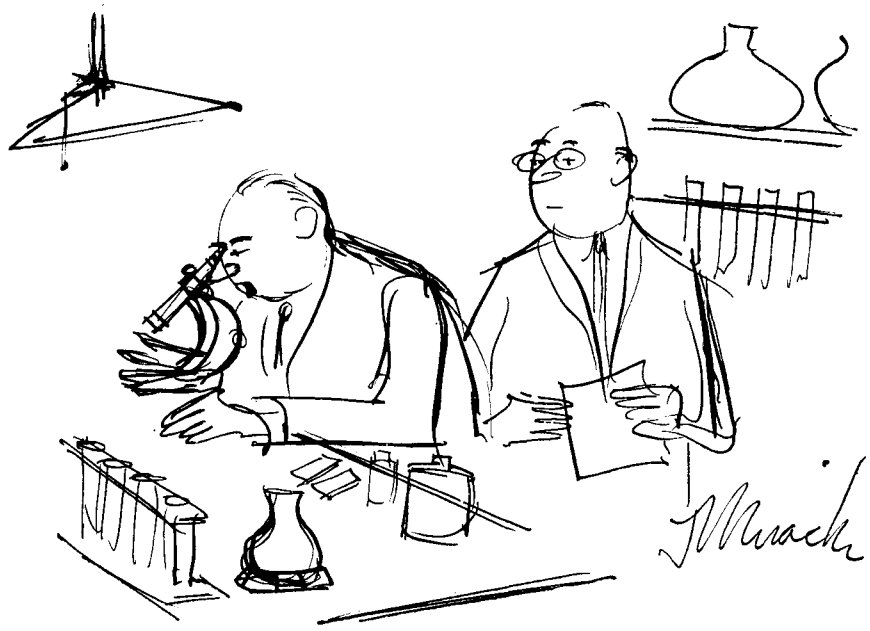
home pay was pledged against installment payments, today, it is estimated, one dollar out of every nine in take-home pay is obligated for the appliances, the tools, the cars that make possible comfortable or decent living in suburbia.

The growth of the nation has thus come in suburbia, and suburbia rests upon credit. But this credit, however magnificent its use has been, has not just happened. It has its roots in the past and in government policy—first the New Deal Housing Laws, then the New Deal credit laws, later the Veteran laws. Just as the Homestead Laws of the 1860s, by throwing the lands of the West open to free energies, finally erased the frontier thirty years later in 1890, so has the social legislation of the early 1930s changed the America that appears in the Census of 1960. In each case, the wise and far-seeing policies of one generation succeeded—and succeeded so spectacularly as to pose an entirely new problem of politics for the generation that follows.

What is called for thus, by the Census of 1960, is a re-examination of the nation in the new idiom of the Sixties—a re-examination of ways to preserve the vital essence of the city before it decays in chaos; a re-study of the suburbs and ways to give them roads, schools, hospitals which neither private credit nor community budgets can supply; a reappraisal of all national transportation in terms of the three-cornered rail-truck-air war; a fundamental reshaping of our institutions of government, state, municipal and regional.

Such a re-examination has, to be sure, already started, and the national debate over the use of national resources had begun even before the first preliminary census figures were available. Up to now, however, the debate on our national product and the use of our resources has been given a spurious vitality chiefly by locking it to the debate on foreign affairs and our contest with Communism. The mythical figures of Gross National Product and the equally mythical estimates of growth rates here and abroad have been volleying back and forth as if it were chiefly Russia's challenge that would determine the shape of our future, and the channelling of our energies. The Census comes to remind us that it is not Russia which should be central to the debate on the use of our energies, but our own needs. No nation can change so profoundly as ours seems to be changing without requiring new institutions and new thought, in its own spirit and for its own good.

It took some ten years after the closing of the frontier before the new relations in American life became clear enough to require Federal action. It was only the discovery of individual communities that they could not grapple on a state level with the railways, with the food packers, with the trusts, that finally brought the problems of that era to Washington—and resulted in the historic re-examination that ran from the first Roosevelt through the early Wilson years. One hopes that it will not take so long in our time; and the year 1960 is a good year to begin the task.



"A remarkable human correlation here—a population explosion, then a rush to the suburban areas."

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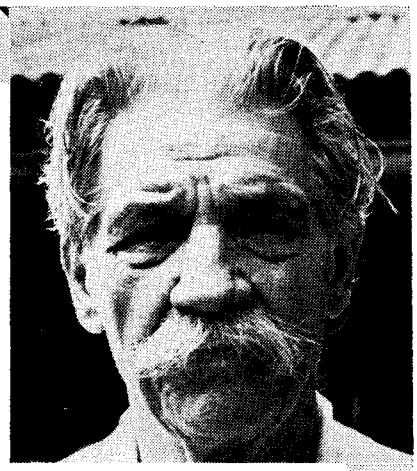
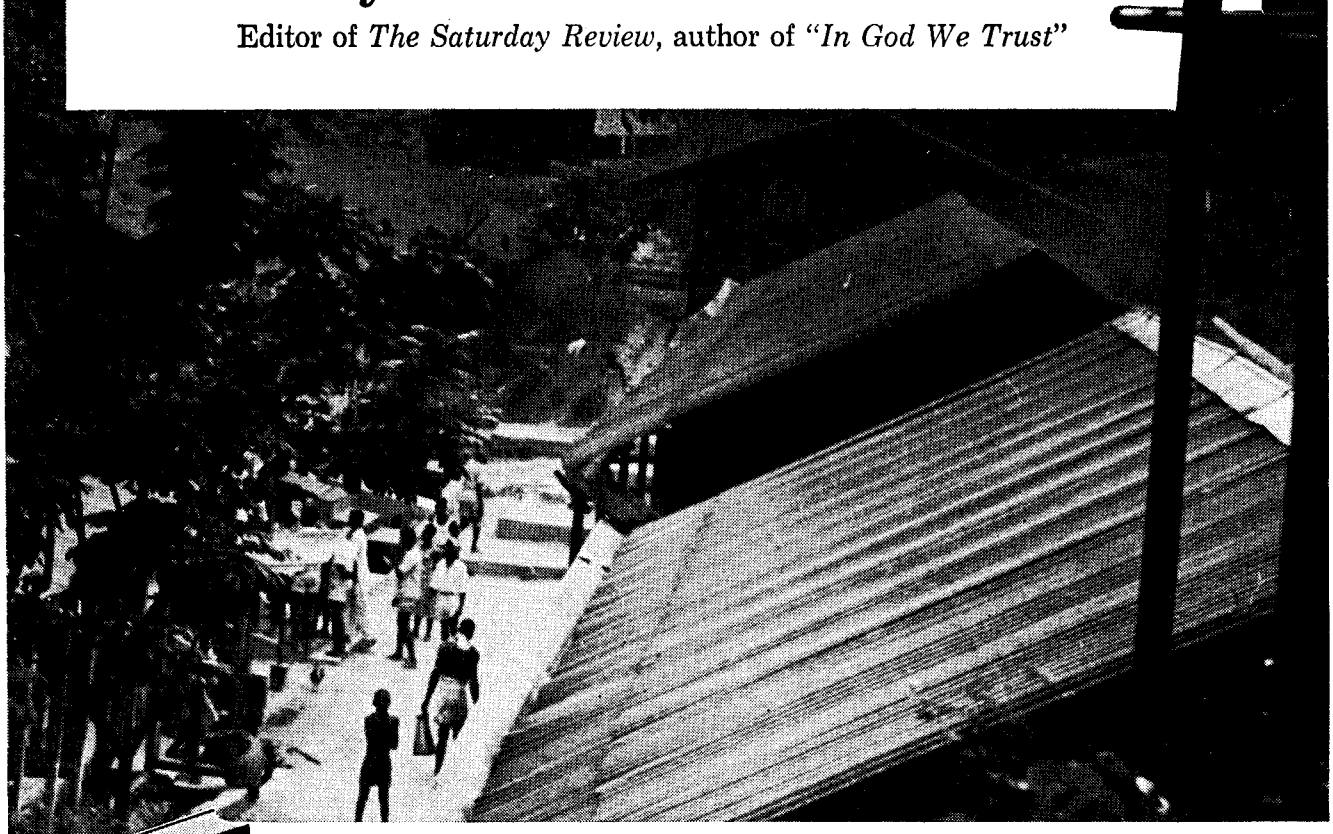


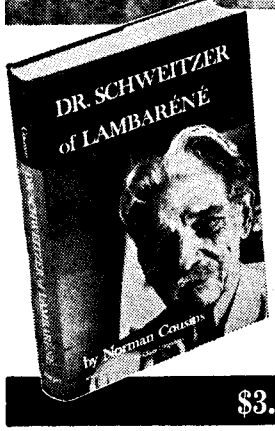
Here is the real Albert Schweitzer —genius in dungarees, Nobel Prize winner in a jungle hut — portrayed in his full human dimension by an important American writer and thinker

Dr. Schweitzer of Lambaréné

By NORMAN COUSINS

Editor of *The Saturday Review*, author of "*In God We Trust*"





Norman Cousins flew down to Lambaréné to observe and visit—and remained to explore some of the deepest problems of modern civilization with a man many consider the living conscience of the age. The result is a remarkable portrait in which Schweitzer the man springs to life out of the myth others have wrapped about him. Here, in a rich, appealing book, is one of the most fascinating dialogues in contemporary literature.

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Literary Horizons

Continued from page 11

His wife, Maxine, fully realizes this, but she is capable of a degree of compassion. Her sister Lois, on the other hand, is harder than nails, and one feels more strongly than in "The Field of Vision" the depth of her contempt for McKee. Lois's one weakness is her passion for her grandson Gordon, and this becomes a morbid sort of self-torture.

They are, when you get to know them as Morris makes you get to know them, a grim lot. At the end of "The Field of Vision" there was a tentative note of hope, a suggestion that Gordon Boyd, having touched bottom, might achieve some form of self-realization. Now we learn that not long afterwards he attempted suicide, and throughout "Ceremony" he is defeated and bitter. He turns on McKee with unexpected savagery, but he directs his sharpest sallies against himself. He is, he says, "the man who still had everything to live for, since everything worth living for had eluded him." He is the one of them, as Lois McKee, reflects, who might have done something, and by his own account he has done nothing.

They are a grim lot, but they cannot, as characters in Gothic novels so often can, be dismissed as grotesques. They are all, alas, people we know, people like us and our neighbors. This, Morris is saying, is what people are like, and he makes contradiction extremely difficult.

The skill with which Morris has achieved his effect can scarcely be exaggerated. Always a master of indirection, he has here developed his oblique approach into a brilliant strategy for the revelation of character. As always, he has his comic scenes, and they are very funny, but they are made to contribute to his fundamental purpose, which is deeply serious. He has never been more adroit in the use of the vernacular, and his style is an important element in his achievement. All his resources are brought into action, and the result is his best novel, the novel in which his vision of life is most fully rendered. For a long time there has been no doubt in my mind of the importance of Wright Morris; I hope that "Ceremony in Lone Tree" will serve to convince many other persons.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 18, 19, 14, 15, 12, 3, 7, 5, 10, 6, 1, 2, 9, 20, 17, 16, 13, 8, 4, 11.

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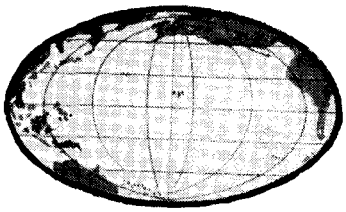

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NYC

Continued from page 17

in a ceaseless battle against crime and corruption. Times Square, the authors make it plain, is an area of contrasts: humanity and inhumanity, comedy and tragedy, fame and fortune, banquets and bankruptcy; it exudes coarseness, brags of its colossal cinemas, Chinese restaurants, cotton candy, and Coney Island chicken (hot dogs).

The phenomenon that is Times Square, the authors note, "has no dedicated focal point . . . it has no beginning or end, no climax, design or logic." Yet this "hugely formless eruption, a growth, a kind of civic spasm" caught the immediate fancy of the diversion-seeker and thimble-rigger and became a Mecca of merriment for the masses.

The authors also sought an answer to Times Square's future. Opinions varied, but one thing was certain: the Great White Way, not always clean as driven snow, was here to stay. Call it by any name—Times Square, Slime Square, Dime Square—it would survive its detractors for neon-and-Mazda-lighted ages to come and no other intersection in the world could ever rival it.

"Carnival Crossroads" is a considerable contribution to the social history of our country, and O. Soglow's drawings are a flavorsome addition to the book.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 890

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 890 will be found in the next issue.

ZY XWK CFZL

EWA'KB DZGGHPN

FZKTGADO – CBGG, CB

SZTB PBC BPNGZPT

WAL WX HL.

LFZL ZPT DWTXHYF.

MBPBL

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 889

Everything is funny, as long as it is happening to somebody else.

—Will Rogers.

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Editorial

Continued from page 22

ourselves if we accept the view that the entire affair was just an exercise in Communist agitation. Communists did what they could to stir up the crowd; but they had been trying to stir up the Japanese crowds for years and they had never been able to find any sizable reverberations for their propaganda. If they were more successful this time, it was not because they had suddenly discovered their voices. What had happened was that the U-2 affair had set a stage for dramatizing their case against the United States far beyond anything that had happened since the end of the war. And it brought to the surface the deep existing apprehensions about American military bases in Japan—apprehensions that many strong Japanese friends of the U.S. have held for at least ten years.

The Tokyo riots, therefore, must be considered against a background of events that had been developing for at least a decade. This, in turn, leads to a consideration of what it was we tried to do in the early days of the Occupation of Japan, and what happened when we switched our purposes.

General Douglas MacArthur had a genuine hold upon the Japanese peo-

ple. They regarded him as not just as a conqueror but as a man strongly determined to bring about long-overdue social reforms and to extirpate the military and feudal elements that led to Pearl Harbor. It was the inspiration of MacArthur that was responsible for the clause in the new Japanese Constitution outlawing war and the means of war. When the new Constitution was being debated, the government made it clear to the people that the anti-war clause was not just a moral gesture but a specific and fundamental commitment to a historic new principle. Government leaders emphasized that acceptance of the new Constitution should be undertaken only after full understanding of its epic implications. This was done.

On each of my five visits to Japan in the past ten years, I became aware of the determination of the Japanese people to avoid any re-militarization of their country. In 1953, I had a long talk with Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida. He had just completed some meetings with Secretary John Foster Dulles. He said that Secretary Dulles had told him that Japan must rearm. In response, the Prime Minister explained to Secretary Dulles that the matter was extremely complex and that no simple decision by the Prime Minister could make that possible.

The first factor to be considered, the Prime Minister said, was Japanese public opinion. He saw no way to get the support of the Japanese people for rearmament without at the same time discrediting much of the excellent work that had been done by General MacArthur. The new Constitution was another major factor. Finally, there was the ultimate question: Who in Japan would do the rearming and run the new military machine? Many of the men who had experience with the handling of weapons were the same ones who had waged war against the United States. Was the United States completely prepared to trust this group? Was the United States absolutely certain that these weapons would be used only in ways that would have U.S. approval? The Prime Minister had been imprisoned by the Japanese military during the war; he had reason to be concerned about the nature of militarism.

Elsewhere, in talking to educators and leaders of public opinion, I found genuine concern about the arms problem. Friends of the United States felt that we were undermining much of the good that had been created in the early years after the war.

It is against this background that the tensions over the treaty providing for American military bases must be viewed. And it is against this background that the volatility of the U-2 episode can be comprehended.

If we have learned anything from the debacle of the President's intended trip to Japan, it is not that Presidential voyages are a mistake as a matter of principle. As a matter of principle they can be enormously valuable. If we have learned anything, it is that all elements of the world crisis are related, and that the first front is the battle for the respect and good will of the world's peoples. We can lose in the world through small ideas even though we may have the biggest bombs. The ability to get through to peoples and to be believed is even more essential to our security than the highest-flying planes. In this sense, knowledge and ideas are primary in the national arsenal. —N.C.

Biographers

Continued from page 10

after many months of frustrating research, she was forced to give up the idea of doing a biography of Sir Isaac Newton. As Mrs. Bowen put it, she "had been pursuing the proper star [Newton] but I had been looking at it through a left-handed telescope, running headlong South when I should have been facing North."

Similarly, Margaret Coit started a book on Jefferson Davis, but gave up her research after six months, when she realized that Davis was a pale shadow of Calhoun. The biography of Davis was written later on by Hudson Strode, of Alabama, who is a good friend of Miss Coit's.

It is significant that Margaret Coit's strongest competition for the 1951 Pulitzer award in biography came not from a male but from another female, Catherine Drinker Bowen and her "John Adams." This latter prolific writer is in a position similar to that of Sam Snead, of golf fame, who has won all the big links awards but the U. S. Open. Mrs. Bowen, who has written more biographies than any other woman of American letters, has likewise seen the highest honor in her specialty elude her.

Despite this disappointment, Mrs. Bowen, who has been writing biographies for over forty years, admits that if she had her life to live over again, she would not change it, since she could not think of a more entertaining way to spend her time.

In addition to the satisfaction of writing literary portraits of distinction, our feminine biographers have received many honors and awards over the years. For instance, besides the selection of Miss Leech's "Reveille" and "McKinley" by the Book-of-the-Month Club, her first biography, written in collaboration with the late Heywood Broun, was chosen by the Literary Guild in 1927. This little-known volume on the life of Anthony Comstock was called "Roundsman of the Lord." Incidentally, the co-authors signed their names to different chapters individually, so the readers would not become befuddled as to who wrote what sections of the book.

Although Margaret Leech has outscored her female colleagues by being the only one to win the coveted Pulitzer twice, this mark may soon topple if one of the other three (or some dark horse candidate such as Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, author of "Robert Frost: The Trial by Existence") comes up with more top-quality biographies in the years to come—biographies written with a witches' frenzy!

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CARTOONIST NEEDS minimum of four rooms, quiet part of town, East Side, NYC, or Brooklyn Heights area. Limit $150. Box M-698.

(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

VACATIONS

WESTPORT LONGSHORE CLUB PARK. Art, music and social activities in a club atmosphere. Air-conditioned hotel accommodations, minutes from Westport Country Playhouse, Silvermine Guild and Stratford's Shakespeare Theatre. On the Sound, offering excellent cuisine (European Plan). Pool and beach swimming, golf, tennis on grounds. Daily to seasonal rates. Westport, Connecticut, CApital 7-5171.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1372

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

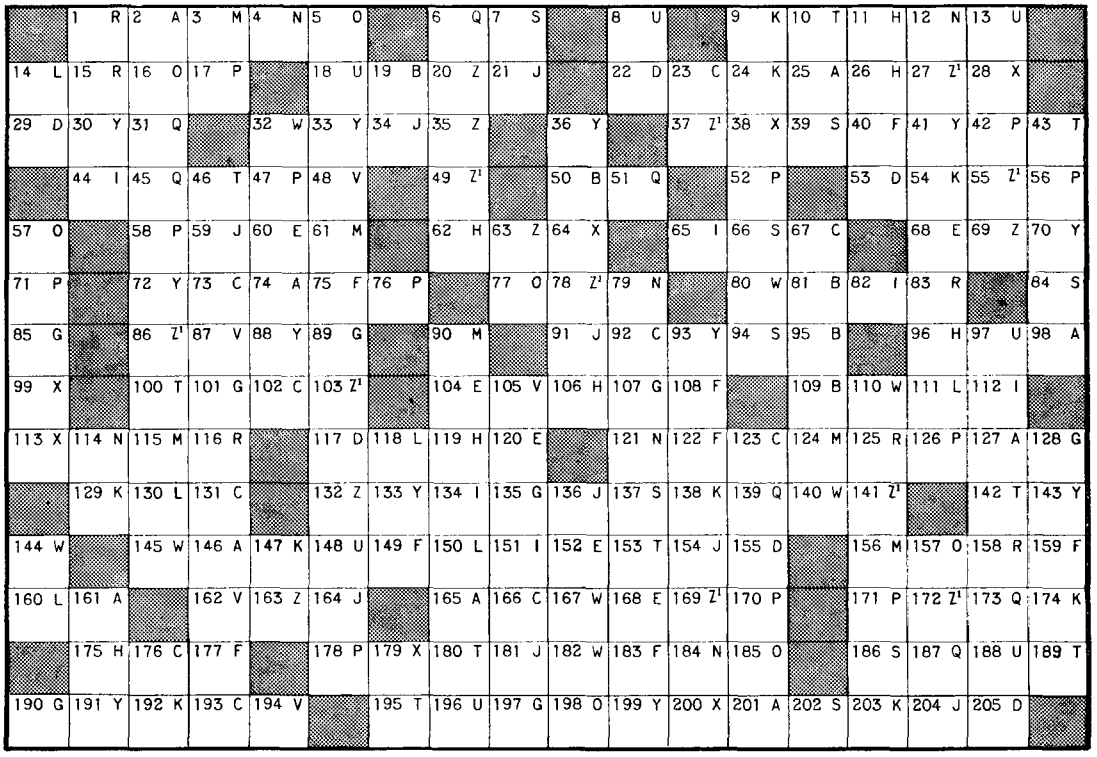
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Scottish chemist who invented popular waterproof fabric, 1823.	165 98 25 74 127 201 146 161 2
B. Father of Shaphat who was in charge of the herds in the valleys, a "ruler of King David's substance" (I Chron. 27).	81 109 95 50 19
C. One of the yellow-skinned races.	23 176 193 123 73 166 67 131 102 92
D. British desserts.	53 117 155 22 29 205
E. See Word N.	120 60 152 104 168 68
F. The cosmos.	40 75 122 183 149 159 177 108
G. Curvature of the spine forward.	190 197 135 89 85 107 101 128
H. Apostle who had been a collector of customs.	62 11 26 119 175 106 96
I. Be present.	65 44 112 151 82 134
J. What every cool cat ought to be able to count on (2 wds.).	34 181 204 59 21 136 154 164 91
K. See Word V.	192 147 54 203 138 129 24 174 9
L. English actress made a Dame of the Empire (1865-1948).	14 130 118 160 150 111
M. U.S. state whose largest city has about 31,000 population.	90 3 124 156 61 115
N. Followed by hyphen and Word E, wearing a certain clerical headgear.	79 114 4 121 184 12

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Employed for a particular purpose	16 157 198 57 77 5 185
P One of the occupations connected with railroading (comp.).	71 42 178 47 76 58 52 56 17 126 170 171
Q. An unskilled pretender to some special knowledge.	31 51 187 6 173 45 139
R. The end of many a surgical operation.	15 1 116 158 125 83
S. An Arabic script developed for ancient Persian poetic writings, now used in Malay and Urdu MSS.	66 137 7 84 186 94 202 39
T. Biological term for found in both hemispheres.	189 10 195 180 153 100 43 142 46
U. Seize or hold with an instrument intended for the purpose.	18 196 8 188 148 13 97
V. Followed by Word K, the famous characters of Taoist myth who had found the elixir of life.	48 87 194 105 162
W. Any card turned face up on top of a pack.	167 182 145 32 140 80 110 144
X. Bird of the genus *Jynx*; person afflicted with torticollis.	113 200 28 64 38 179 99
Y. Total destruction.	93 70 88 33 30 36 191 133 72 41 199 143
Z. A patch of land bearing willow trees.	20 69 35 163 63 132
Z1. Any butterfly of *Argynnis* and allied genera.	86 37 49 78 172 103 27 55 169 141

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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